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To George M. La Monte:

With the compliments of the
editor, - in memory of
Bonne Brook Days. -

George C. Roswell.

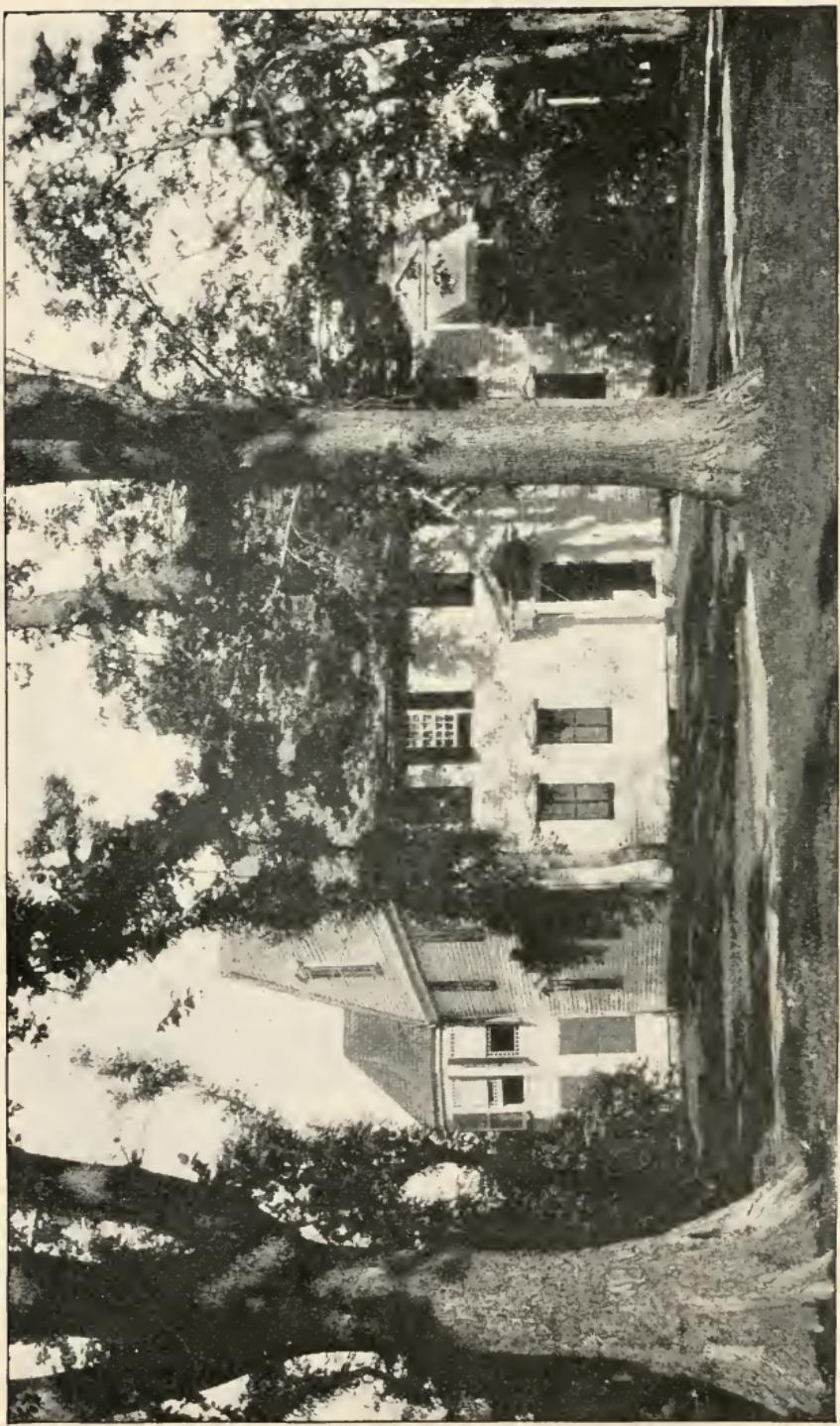
Andover Conn..

Oct. 18, - 1900.

Photograph, 1896.

THE WOLCOTT HOUSE.

Built, 1754.



THE

LITCHFIELD BOOK OF DAYS

A COLLATION
OF THE
HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND LITERARY
REMINISCENCES OF THE TOWN OF
LITCHFIELD, CONNECTICUT

EDITED BY
GEORGE C. BOSWELL
Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church

“That old town, more typical than any other, I think,
of Connecticut institutions and life”
Gov. INGERSOLL, Banquet to Chief Justice Seymour

LITCHFIELD
ALEX. B. SHUMWAY
1899

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1899

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These Selected Memories
Of his native Town are Dedicated to
Mr. Leonard Stone

Preface.

THE Litchfield of to-day is in many respects a modern town. Its stores, with scarce an exception, are as new as those of Seattle or Tacoma; its churches have all been built within the memory of men and women who worship in them. And while for more than a century the beauty of its situation and the charm of its streets have been justly celebrated, yet it is within recent years that all this has been greatly enhanced by the Village Improvement Society, and by the enterprise and philanthropy of its citizens.

But no stranger who walks beneath the venerable elms on its broad park-like streets, or looks upon its comfortable and stately homes, but feels that he is on historic ground,—and he is right, for there is scarcely a town of its size, even in New England, that can compare with it in memories of more than local interest.

This is the home of the Wolcotts and Beechers. This is the native town of men whose careers have been as dissimilar as Ethan

Allen, on the one hand, and Horace Bushnell and Charles Loring Brace, on the other. Litchfield has been the seat of the first Law School in America, of Miss Pierce's Seminary, and of the Morris Academy. In the first of these schools, John C. Calhoun studied; in the second, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and, for a time, her brother, Henry Ward Beecher; in the third, John Brown. Every one of the old houses in the town has a story full of interest to those who dwell here, and in many instances of nearly equal fascination to anyone who cares for the history, the biography, the literary reminiscences of his country.

Let no one suppose, however, that the glory of Litchfield is all in the past. To be sure, in one respect this town can never be like the old Litchfield,—a trade center, the fourth town in population in the state. Modern industrialism has sought the valleys, and this hill town has become a summer resort. Once Litchfield was famous for its schools, and we should not be surprised if the time would soon come when it should be known again as an educational center; for where could be found a place more suitable for a great school which would make the traditions of Miss Pierce's realities once more?

And even now the men are here who could constitute the faculty of a summer Theological School that would draw students half across

the continent. President Timothy Dwight, Professors Hoppin and Harris,—not to know these names is a confession of intellectual darkness.

And in the winter time, when this town is supposed to hibernate, even then a Law School might be put in operation. Litchfield has never lacked since the time of the first Oliver Wolcott one or two citizens who have been either governor or chief justice, but until these last days it has never had a man who has given new dignity to both of these offices. Let the chief justice preside, and if a coadjutor is needed, there is one here whose name for a hundred years has carried with it leadership at the bar.

This book is confessedly concerned with the days that have passed into history; it only touches the present incidentally, but it has been compiled in sight of the park, the church, the stores, the life of the town to-day.

Every citizen of Litchfield should know and treasure the memories of this town. They are not to be regarded as bits of bric-a-brac, old china, and choice linen, to be looked at with passing curiosity, and then stored away. Not at all,—these memories are the atmosphere in which the hills about us are clothed with beauty,—they give vitality to the air we breathe.

This BOOK OF DAYS is necessarily fragment-

ary, but we hope that the compilation has been so far successful that it will put the reader in touch with the humor and pathos, with the achievement and heroism, that have made this town upon its "Western Hill" illustrious, so that whether one's sojourn here be for a week or for threescore years and ten, he may feel in the life of to-day the stimulus of that which is vital in the past, and that he may—

"At noon-day in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!"

The editor of these pages takes this opportunity to thank the large number of persons who have made the work of compiling this book possible; to them he has been indebted for information, the loan of pamphlets and books, the free access to valuable libraries rich in all that pertains to local history.

The publication of this book at a low price has been made possible by the generous support of the business men and citizens of Litchfield, and by the energetic canvass made by a committee of the Ladies Aid Society of the church of which the editor is pastor. Mr. William H. Sanford, G. A. Marvin, editor of *In Litchfield Hills*, J. Deming Perkins, and Dwight C. Kilbourn have kindly loaned a few of the plates used in this book; while a number of persons have contributed to the expense of its illustration.

The publishers of the copyrighted books from which large citations have been made, Harper & Brothers, Fords, Howard & Hurlbut, and Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have granted the editor privileges for which he gladly makes acknowledgment here. A similar courtesy has been extended by Governor Roger Wolcott, representing the interests of his family in the *Wolcott Memorial Volume*.

LITCHFIELD, February 22, 1899.

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EXPLANATORY NOTES.

As stated in the preface, special permission has been granted by the publishers of copyrighted books from which frequent quotation is made in these pages.

The quotations from members of the Wolcott family are taken from the *Wolcott Memorial Volume*; those from the Beecher family are taken (unless otherwise specified) from the *Autobiography and Correspondence of Lyman Beecher*, published by Harper & Brothers.

In other cases, where simply a name is given at the close of a quotation, the matter quoted is the report of a conversation with the editor of the Book of Days.

The quotations from the writings of Henry Ward Beecher have been taken, in many instances, not directly from the books named, but from that excellent compilation by Eleanor Kirk, entitled *Beecher as a Humorist*, published by Fords, Howard & Hurlbut.

Many brief statements of fact, such as quotations from the town records, are taken from the well known authorities on local history, Woodruff, Kilbourne, and the Litchfield County History,—for other unsigned paragraphs, the editor is responsible.

LITCHFIELD BOOK OF DAYS.

January 1.

1777.—Oliver Wolcott writes a New Year's letter to his wife :

“Take care of your Health; make the cares of Life easy. Prosperous and happy Times I trust will return to our Country, and that God will grant us the Peace and Prosperity of former Days,—a Happiness which I most sincerely covet, tho' I trust I shall never wish for Peace with the Loss of the Security of my Country. For what is there which we can leave our Children equal to the Advantages of civil and religious Liberty?”

1872.—The Shepaug Valley Railroad (as it was then called) was opened to the public.

January 2.

You will have troubles, but when they come don't dam them up; let them go down stream and you will soon be rid of them.—LYMAN BEECHER.

January 3.

O for a boy's appetite! We needed no morning bell. Hunger used to awaken us betimes.

We plunged into our clothes, and darted for the kitchen, where stood Rachel, black as night, with a loaf of bread white as milk. She cut a slice an inch thick, smooth as a line had measured it. It needed neither sauce nor butter. It was a mere morsel, sent before, to hold the citadel until breakfast could come to the rescue! So it was every day, and during all our growing years.— HENRY WARD BEECHER : *Star Papers.*

January 4.

So do thy children, Litchfield, owe to thee,
And thy hard treatment, what they've come
to be;—

A vigorous race from a harsh nursery.

For when thy skies have smiled, and wept,
and scowled,

And thy winds cut, and sighed, and swept,
and howled,

And they have borne the various buffeting
They 've had to bear,— they can stand any-
thing.—

JOHN PIERPONT : *Litchfield County Centennial.*

January 5.

In the winter of 1740-41, a man came from Cornwall to purchase some grain for himself and family, who were in great need, and was directed to Deacon Buel. The stranger soon called and made known his errand. The Deacon asked him if he had any *money* to pay for

the grain. He answered affirmatively. "Well," said the Deacon, "I can show you where you can procure it." Going with the stranger to the door, he pointed out a certain house to him, saying, "There lives a man who will let you have grain for your money. I have some to spare, but must keep it for those who *have no money.*" — REV. GRANT POWERS: *Kilbourne's History.*

January 6.

One of the oddest native characters was Mr. B—, an ardent defender of the doctrine of election. One day while "argyfying" with a neighbor at dinner, he lifted a morsel of beef on his fork, asserting, "I have no more doubt of the doctrine of election than that I shall eat this meat." With the emphasis of his gesture, the meat flew off and was instantly devoured by the family dog.—CLARENCE DEMING: *Yankees and Yankeeisms.*

January 7.

1803.—John W. Birge, born. He became major-general in the ill-starred Patriot War in Canada, in 1837-8.

January 8.

Poganic was a place where winter stood for something. The hill, like all hills in our dear New England, though beautiful for situation in summer, was a howling desolation for about six months of the year, sealed down under

snow and drifted over by winds that pierced like knives and seemed to search every fiber of one's garments, so that the thickest clothing was no protection.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE: *Poganuc People*.

January 9.

The fire that illuminated the great kitchen of the farmhouse was a splendid sight to behold. It is, alas, with us only a vision and memory of the past; for who in our days can afford to keep up the great fireplace, when the backlogs were cut from the giants of the forest and the forestick was as much as a modern man could lift? And then the glowing fireplace built thereon! That architectural pile of split and seasoned wood, over which the flames leaped and danced and crackled like rejoicing genii—what a glory it was! The hearty, bright, warm hearth in those days stood instead of fine furniture and handsome pictures. The plainest room becomes beautiful and attractive by firelight, and when men think of a country and home to be fought for and defended they think of a fireside.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE: *Poganuc People*.

January 10.

1738.—Ethan Allen born in Litchfield. Two years later his parents removed to Cornwall.

1785.—Oliver Wolcott writes to his son Oliver:



OLIVER WOLCOTT, JR.

“SIR: Your letter of the 4th instant is received. The Character of the young Lady, whom you mention as the object of your Affection, justifies your Choice, and receives the Approbation of your Parents. And if you shall wait upon her here, when you shall come to see us, it will increase the Pleasure of the Visit.”

January 11.

1760.—Oliver Wolcott, Jr., born in the home-
stead on South street. He succeeded Hamilton as secretary of the treasury in Washington's administration, and was governor of Connecticut 1817-'27.

January 12.

The Litchfield of Wolcott's boyhood is de-
scribed by Gibbs in his *Administrations of Wash-
ington and Adams*:

“At a period much later than this Litchfield was on the outskirts of New England civilization and presented a very different aspect from its now venerable quiet. The pickets which guard-
ed its first dwellings were not yet decayed. The Indian yet wandered through its broad streets, and hunters as wild as our present borderers, chased the deer and the panther on the shores of the lake. The manners of its inhabitants were as simple and primitive as those of their fathers, a century back, in the older settlements on the Connecticut. Trav-

eling was entirely on horseback, except in winter, and but a casual intercourse was carried on with distant towns. Occasionally and more frequently, as they became more interesting, tidings reached them from Boston, and even from the old world."

January 13.

1811.—Would now write you a long letter, if it were not for several vexing circumstances, such as the weather, extremely cold, storm violent, and no wood cut ; Mr. Beecher gone ; and Sabbath day, with company, a clergyman, a stranger ; Catherine sick, Rachel's finger cut off, and she crying and groaning with the pain. Mr. Beecher is gone to New Hartford to preach and did not provide us wood enough to last, seeing the weather has grown so exceedingly cold. — ROXANA BEECHER : *Letter to Esther Beecher.*

January 14.

Three years old was I, when singing, she left me, and sang on to heaven where she sings evermore. I have only such remembrance of her, as you have of the clouds of ten years ago, faint, evanescent, and fed by that which I have heard of her, and by what my father's thought and feeling of her were ; it has come to be so much to me that no devout Catholic ever saw so much of the Virgin Mary as I have seen in my mother, who has been a presence to me



TAPPING REEVE.

ever since I can remember.—HENRY WARD BEECHER: *Abbott's Life.*

January 15.

Tapping Reeve came to Litchfield a few years before the Revolution. For a time he was chief justice of the State, but his fame rests upon the fact that he was the founder in 1784 of the first Law School in America. He was its Principal for nearly forty years. C. G. Loring said of him: "He was, indeed, a most venerable man in character and in appearance—his thick, gray hair, parted and falling in profusion on his shoulders, his voice only a loud whisper, but distinctly heard by his earnestly attentive pupils. He was full of legal learning, but invested the law with all the genial enthusiasm, and generous feelings and noble sentiments of a large heart at the age of eighty, and descended to us with glowing eloquence upon the sacredness and majesty of law."

January 16.

Tapping Reeve loved the law as a science, and studied it philosophically. He considered it as the practical application of religious principle to the business affairs of life. He wished to reduce it to a certain, symmetrical system of moral truth. He did not trust to the inspiration of genius for eminence, but to the results of profound and constant study. I seem to see

even now, his calm and placid countenance shining through his abundant locks, as he sat poring over his notes in the lecture-room, and to hear his shrill whisper as he stood when giving his charge to the jury.—JUDGE CHURCH: *Litchfield County Centennial.*

January 17.

The printed catalogue of the Litchfield Law School contains a list of graduates from 1798, no register having been kept for the first fourteen years. Of this number sixteen became United States Senators; fifty, Members of Congress; forty, Judges of higher State Courts; eight, Chief-justices of States; two, Justices of the United States Supreme Court; ten, Governors of States; five, Cabinet Ministers (Calhoun, Woodbury, Mason, Clayton, and Hubbard); and several foreign ministers; while very many were distinguished at the bar.—J. D. CHAMPLIN, JR.: *Litchfield Hill.*

January 18.

Judge Reeve delivered his lectures in his office. The building stood next to his house, but has since been moved, and is a part of Mr. Daniels' residence, opposite the Hawkhurst. Judge Gould, after he became associated with Judge Reeve, also gave his lectures in his own law office on North street. This building is now known as the Carter tenement, and is

located on the Bantam road, one mile from the village. .

January 19.

1752.—James Morris, Jr., born. After serving with distinction in the Revolutionary War, he founded, in 1790, Morris Academy, for many years one of the most famous schools in New England. His *Statistical Account of the Towns of Litchfield County* is one of the early authorities on local history.

January 20.

Henry Ward Beecher in his *Star Papers* says of his school days :—

“In winter we were squeezed into the recess of the farthest corner, among little boys who seemed to be sent to school merely to fill up the chinks between the bigger boys. . . . Our shoes always would be scraping on the floor, or knocking the shins of urchins who were also being ‘educated.’ All of our little legs together (poor, tired, nervous, restless legs, with nothing to do) would fill up the corner with such a noise, that every ten or fifteen minutes the master would bring down his two-foot hickory ferule on the desk with a clap that sent shivers through our hearts, to think how that would have felt if it had fallen somewhere else; and then with a look that swept us all into utter extremity of stillness, he would cry, ‘Silence! in that corner.’”

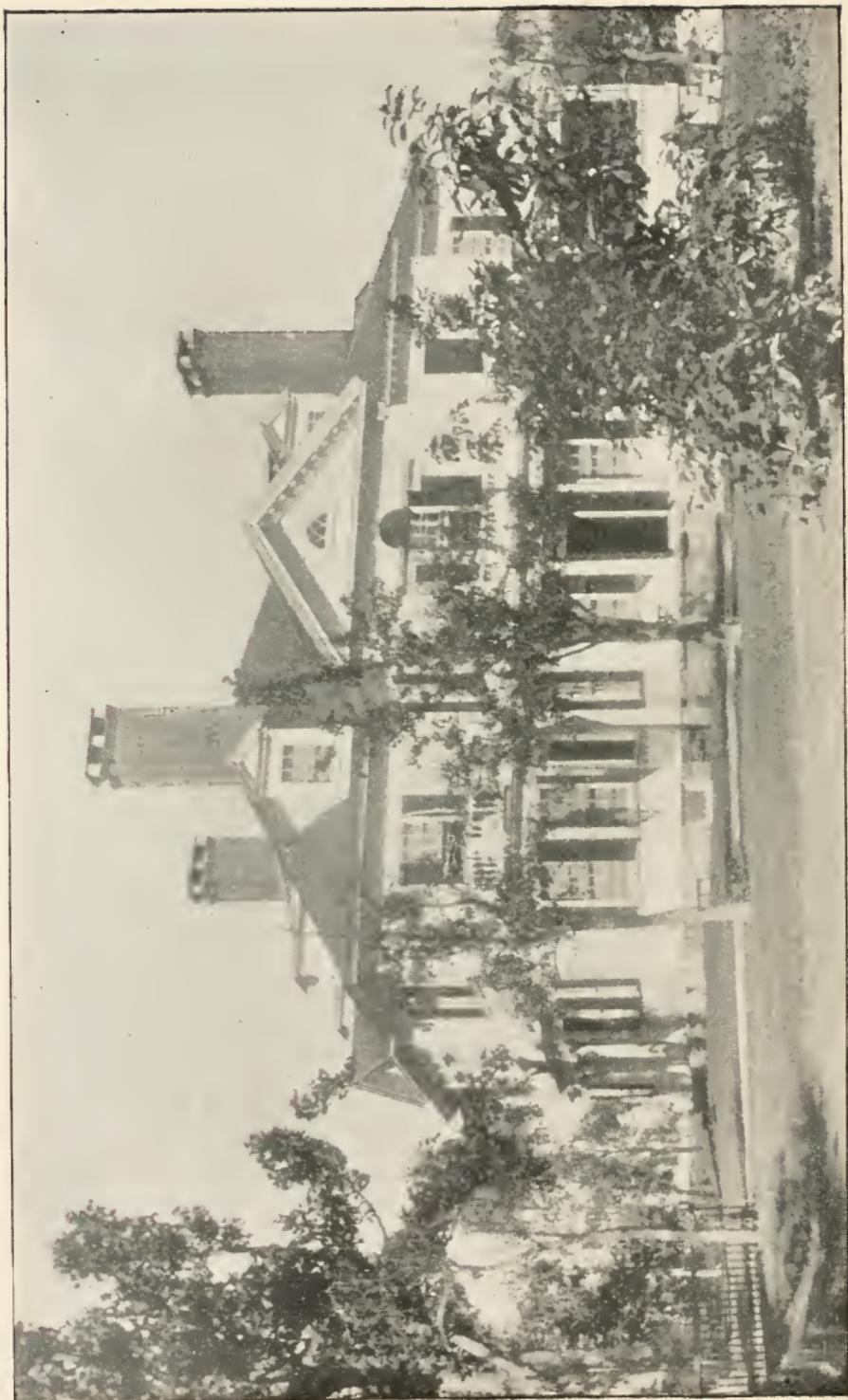
January 21

1776.—Litchfield men enlist for eight weeks' service "to defeat certain Wicked Purposes formed by the instruments of Ministerial Tyranny."

1777.—Oliver Wolcott writes to his wife on the anniversary of their wedding: "You are more especially intitled to a Letter of this Date, as it is an important Anniversary in our Lives which can not fail of Producing in me the most agreeable Recollections. My distant Situation does not diminish my Regard for you and my Family. I feel the warmest Wishes for your Welfare, and hope that it will please God to bestow upon you and our Children every Blessing. I am not able to give you the least Advice in the Conduct of my Business. Your own Prudence in the Direction of it, I have no doubt of, I only wish that the cares which must oppress you were less. But if the present Troubles shall terminate in the future Peace and Security of this Country (which I trust will be the case), the present Evils and Inconveniences of Life ought to be borne with cheerfulness."

January 22.

All Litchfield has read and enjoyed Mrs. Jeanie Gould Lincoln's charming story:—*An Unwilling Maid*. It is easy to pass over some minor inaccuracies, such as where the author speaks of the Wolcott house as a manor house,



or has the King George statue melted after the Fairfield Raid. And while no British officer was ever kept prisoner in the north chamber, yet it is certain that if Geoffrey Yorke had been kept in durance there, Mariann would have taken Betty's part, and the romance would have run its happy course in actual history.

From the standpoint of history, the author has made one serious mistake which it is hard to overlook. She leads the reader to believe that Mrs. Wolcott died before the Revolution. Had this been so, it is doubtful if Oliver Wolcott's name had been signed to the Declaration of Independence. The reason why it was possible for him to be away from home in the interest of his country during the greater part of the Revolution was that his wife was a woman thoroughly capable in the management of the interests of his home and business. If we remember the patriotism of Oliver Wolcott, we should not forget the equal devotion of Laura Collins, his wife.

January 23.

Although Julius Deming died in 1838, his fame as a business man has never been eclipsed. He came here from Lyme about 1781, and for over fifty years was one of the foremost merchants in the State, importing many of his goods directly from London. The great house he built on North street was a

source of wonder in its day, and now is one of the best examples in New England of the household architecture of a century ago.

January 24.

1791. — A post-office is opened in Collier's Printing Office. The Post will ride to New York once a fortnight, and to Hartford once a week.

January 25.

Long live the winter nights, with the homely fare of apples and nuts, and no stronger drink than cider; and a merry crowd of boys and girls, with here and there the spectacled old folks; all before a roaring hickory-fire, in an old fashioned fireplace, big as the Western horizon with the sun going down in it, and with a roguish stick of chestnut wood in it, which opens such a fusilade of snaps and cracks as sets the girls to screaming, and throws out such mischievous coals upon the calico dresses as obliges every humane boy to run to the relief of his sweetheart, all on fire!

— HENRY WARD BEECHER : *Eyes and Ears.*

January 26.

For several years Aaron Burr made his home at his sister's,—the first Mrs. Reeve. During this time he studied theology for a while with Dr. Bellamy at Bethlehem. Bellamy was one of the greatest controversialists

of his time. His library was made up chiefly of the works of infidels and heretics. Those books evidently prevailed in Burr's mind over his teacher's arguments. Burr and Reeve, what a contrast! the one ruled God out of his thoughts; the other has made this hill holy ground.

January 27.

1776.—Judge Reeve writes to Aaron Burr: “Amid the lamentations for the loss of a brave, enterprising general [Montgomery], your escape from such imminent danger to which you have been exposed has afforded us the greatest satisfaction. The news of the unfortunate attack upon Quebec arrived among us on the 13th of this month. . . . Your sister enjoys a middling state of health. She has many anxious hours on your account; but she tells me that, as she believes you may serve the country in the business in which you are now employed, she is contented that you should remain in the army. It must be an exalted public spirit that could produce such an effect upon a sister so affectionate as yours.”

January 28.

Conscience, for the obedient, has sounds more pleasant than music; but for the transgressor, peals more terrific than thunder.—LYMAN BEECHER.

January 29.

One day a prosperous old farmer came into Judge Gould's office and said, "I wish you would draw up my will." "Very well," said Judge Gould ; "give me some idea of what you want done." The farmer was imbued with the old-time notions of the property rights of women. His unmarried daughters had for years helped accumulate his property; but when it came to making his will the father had no thought of them, but wished to leave all he had to his sons. When Judge Gould found this out, he exclaimed, "I won't draw up any such will, and if I were a daughter of yours I'd dance on your grave before you'd lain in it a month!"—J. DEMING PERKINS.

January 30.

Judge Gould was a critical scholar, and always read with his pen in hand, whether law book, or books of fiction or fancy, for which he indulged a passion. In the more abstruse subjects at law, he was more learned than Judge Reeve, and as a lecturer more lucid and methodical. The Common Law he had searched to the bottom, and he knew it all—its principles, and the reasons from which they were drawn. As an advocate, he was not a man of impassioned eloquence, but clear and logical, employing language elegant and chaste.—JUDGE CHURCH : *Litchfield County Centennial.*

January 31.

I never had any trouble with my people. If anything came up, instead of going and trying to put broken glass together, I always tried to preach well, and it swallowed up everything.
— LYMAN BEECHER.

February 1.

It seems odd to think of Litchfield as a manufacturing town, yet when Morris wrote his *Statistical Account*, not far from 1815, there were in existence “4 forges for iron; 1 slitting mill; 1 oil-mill; 1 paper-mill; 1 nail manufactory; 6 fulling-mills; 5 grist-mills; 18 saw-mills; 5 large tanneries, besides sundry others on a small scale; 2 comb manufactories; 2 hatters’ shops; 2 carriage makers; 2 carding machines for wool; 1 machine for making wooden clocks; 1 cotton manufactory.”

We who know Litchfield as a summer resort feel more at home when we turn to another page of his *Account* and read, “Few places yield finer views. From some of the eminences may be seen the hills on the eastern side of the Connecticut River, and the Catskill Mountains on the west of the Hudson. One of them is about a mile northwest of the court-house, from which there is an enchanting view.”

February 2.

Waggons, drawn either by one or two horses, are much used by the inhabitants of Litchfield. The first pleasure carriage (a chair) was

brought into this town by Mr. Matthews, mayor of New York, in the year 1776, and is still in use here; the first umbrella in the year 1772.—*Morris' Statistical Account.*

This author also states that there are in the town “1 phaeton, 1 coachee, and 46 two-wheel pleasure carriages.”

February 3.

1776.—Oliver Wolcott writes from Philadelphia,—“The Ladies, I hope, will still make themselves contented to live without Tea for the good of their country.”

February 4.

1819.—Harriet makes just as many wry faces, and loves to be laughed at as much as ever. Henry does not improve much in talking, but speaks very thick.—*Letter from the Beecher Household.*

Children grow up—nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man, and gone now.—HENRY WARD BEECHER: *Children.*

February 5.

Second-hand text-books are common enough now, but a hundred years ago, when books cost more, the stoutly bound volumes often passed

through a half dozen hands before they were laid aside. Mr. J. Deming Perkins has in his library an algebra of this kind which was used in Yale College and is inscribed with the names of six owners,— Uriah Tracy, Harvey Chase, A. B. Reeve, and J. Deming, Jr., among them. The last named made this entry,— “Engaged this book to A. B. Reeve on condition that he lets a lad from Litchfield have it in preference to any other, and exacts the same promise from him to whom he sells it, *ad infinitum.*”

February 6.

About 1863, Edwin McNeill, who had been a successful railroad builder elsewhere, returned to his native town. He was instrumental in having a new road put through to the Naugatuck station. Then he tried to have the Boston & Erie Road, then stopping at Waterbury, take a northern route not far from Litchfield. Failing here, he projected the Shepaug Valley Railroad. The stock was taken by towns along the line, and by private parties to the amount of \$400,000. By the time the road was finished, a first and second mortgage had been placed upon it to meet the expenditure of \$1,000,000 involved in construction and equipment. As a financial project, the road brought disaster to all concerned. Mr. McNeill died a year or so after the completion of the road, leaving an estate nearly wrecked by

the venture. As a monument of public spirit, and as a permanent benefit to the towns along the line, the railroad has been an unqualified success.—*Condensed from an article by George A. Hickox, Litchfield Enquirer, March 14, 1895.*

February 7.

During the building of the Shepaug, I chanced to meet W. H. Barnum on a railroad train. He introduced me to another fellow-passenger, Collis P. Huntington, who evinced much interest in the Shepaug. "When you get that road finished," he said, "I want you to send me a pass. I have every reason to remember the Shepaug Valley, for when a young man, I trudged through it as a pack-peddler. Every dog in all that region barked at me." — J. DEMING PERKINS.

February 8.

When I was soliciting subscriptions to the stock of the Shepaug Valley Railroad, I met with a great deal of very stubborn resistance. I recollect very distinctly one rich farmer down the Valley who would have nothing to do with the scheme but denounce it. Some years after as I was riding on the cars, this man was a fellow passenger. He came across the aisle, and said: "Mr. Perkins, do you remember me?" "Oh, yes, very well indeed," I replied. "When

we met last," said he, "I did not believe much in this railroad, but if any one proposed to take the tracks up now, there would be a riot in the valley."—J. DEMING PERKINS.

February 9.

1804.—Origen Storrs Seymour, born. He was a lifelong resident of the village. For several terms he was a representative in the General Assembly, and in 1850 was speaker of the House. After serving four years as congressman, he was made judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, holding office from 1855 to 1863, and from 1870 to 1874. He retired from the bench at the age of seventy, having been chief justice during his last year of service. From 1865 to 1880 he was a member of every Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

1896.—The Methodist Episcopal Church of Bantam is organized.

February 10.

1824.—Thomas K. Beecher, born. Elmira, New York, claims him as one of its foremost citizens,—pastor of Park Church for a lifetime.

February 11.

1840.—The Housatonic Railroad opened as far as New Milford. With the building of this road, the New York and Albany stage, which



ORIGEN STORRS SEYMOUR.

used to roll through these Litchfield streets at unearthly hours in the morning, is heard no longer. Or are the older inhabitants right, and can there still be heard above the winter gale the rumbling of the heavily laden stage, and the hoof-beats of the four strong horses?

February 12.

Judge Seymour was eminently and proverbially kind to all, high or low, rich or poor. His every act, and look, and word gave evidence of this. It was the recognition of this trait that called forth the facetious and rather extravagant remark I once heard from a lawyer of this state, to the effect that if Judge Seymour decided a case against a man, the latter always thought he had won the case.—JUDGE LOOMIS: *Address on Judge Seymour.*

February 13.

1899.—After a week of bitterly cold weather, when the mercury at its highest was only a few degrees above zero, and at its lowest threatened to disappear altogether, the blinding snow of a great storm filled the air. Nothing but the blizzard of 1888 has surpassed it. Drifts ten feet high were common enough; in some cases, the snow reached to second-story windows. From Monday noon till Wednesday night, Litchfield was under the snow blockade.

February 14.

Judge Seymour's conduct on the bench is sketched by ex-Gov. Hubbard in an address before the Hartford Bar: "I have never known a judge more scrupulously watchful of the movements of a trial, more intent on the precise matter in hand, more completely *totus in illis* He used, as you will remember, to take very few notes of evidence; but his ears and memory were marvelously alert to all the disclosures of the case. He had a habit of listening to an argument with closed eyes—owing, I suppose, to weakness of vision; but how sleepless his attention and reason were! and how those shut eyes of his used to open with mild surprise, sometimes with expressive reproach, at any perversion of fact or law, or any other abuse either in matter or manner of the just liberties of argument. A casual observer might have supposed him a sleepy, if not a sleeping, judge. But he was never thus for a single instant."

February 15.

Judge Seymour was made chairman of the commission which was appointed in 1878 to prepare the new code of civil procedure. "By this work more than all else he has done," says ex-Gov. Hubbard, "he has left his mark on the jurisprudence of the State. The fame of the

best lawyer ordinarily goes with him into his coffin; but I cannot doubt that this service of his will make his name and fame abide in honor, when the lives of the rest of us are as a watch in the night that is past." — *Address before the Hartford Bar.*

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February 16.

Origen Storrs Seymour had made an enviable record as judge of the Superior Court, 1855-63. Upon the expiration of his term of office in the latter year, the Democrats were defeated after the bitterest conflict the State has seen. Judge Seymour was a Democrat, and the Republican legislature refused to re-elect him. In 1870, however, a Republican legislature appointed him to the Supreme Court. In 1873 he became chief justice, retiring a year later because reaching the constitutional limit of age.

February 17.

The great white house on South street, two doors beyond the Beckwith block, is the home of Mr. Morris W. Seymour. The house was built by Ozias Seymour, and when it was ready for occupancy, his son, Judge Seymour, at that time a young boy, carried into the house the first article taken there. In that house, he made his home for the rest of his life.

February 18.

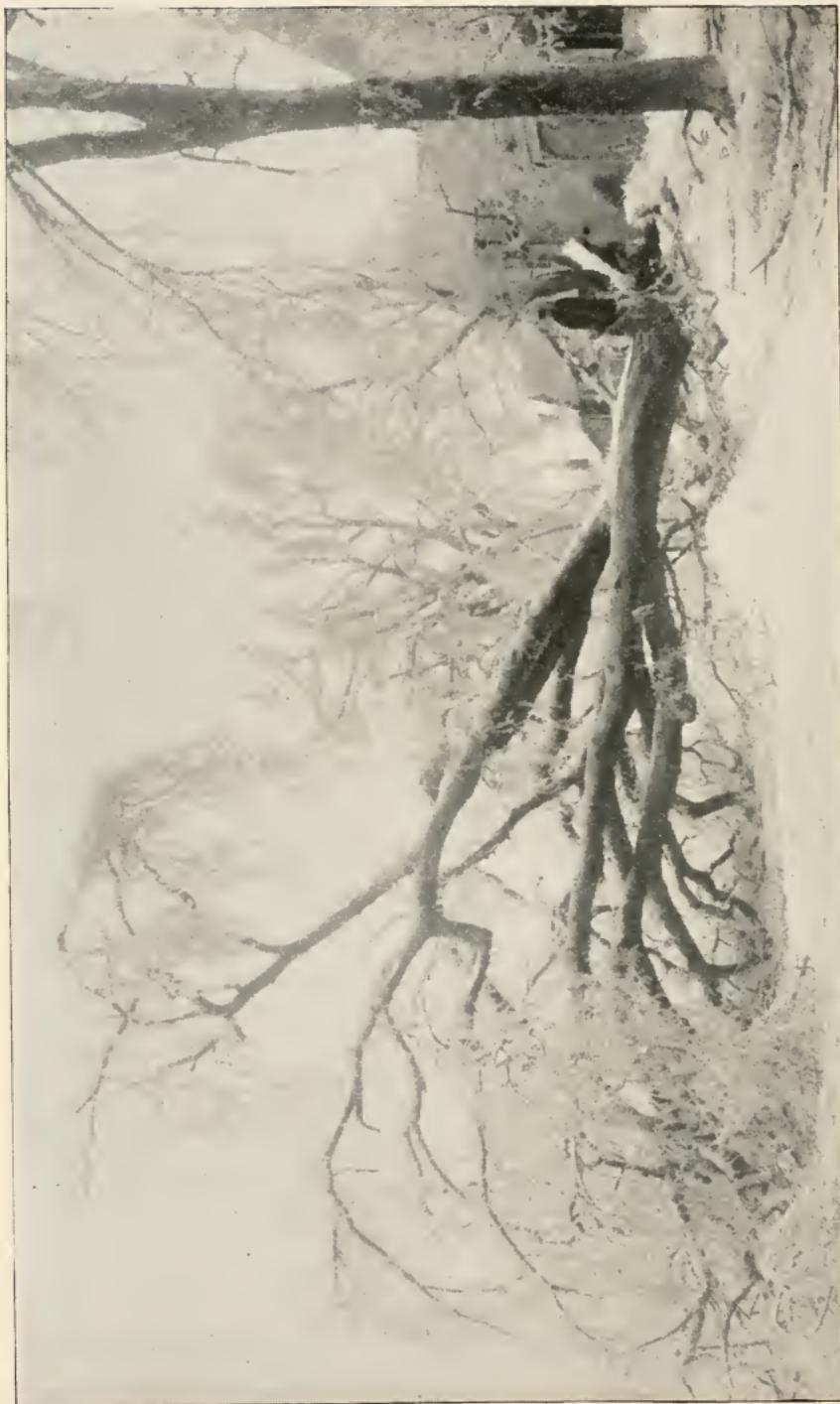
Such a thing as a novel was not to be found in our house. And I well recollect the despairing and hungry glances with which I used to search through father's library, meeting only the same grim sentinels, *Bell's Sermons*, *Bogue's Essays*, *Bonnet's Inquiry*, *Toplady on Predestination*, *Horsey's Tracts*. There, to be sure, was *Harmer on Solomon's Song*, which I read and nearly got by heart, because it told about the same sort of things I had once read of in the Arabian Nights. And there was *The State of the Clergy during the French Revolution*, which had horrible stories in it stranger than fiction.—

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

February 19.

In Lyman Beecher's library, "there was a side closet full of documents, a weltering ocean of pamphlets, in which I dug and toiled for hours to be repaid by disinterring a delicious morsel of *Don Quixote* that had once been a book but was now lying in forty or fifty *dissecta membra*, amid Calls, Appeals, Sermons, Essays, Reviews, Replies, Rejoinders. The turning up of such a fragment seemed like the rising of an enchanted island out of an ocean of mud." —

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.



THE FULLER ELM.—ICE STORM OF 1898.

February 20.

1809.—Henry W. Wessells, born. What would we not give for an autobiography of this veteran soldier? General Wessells graduated at West Point in 1832, won his spurs in the Seminole war, and was given a gold-mounted sword for his valor on Mexican battlefields. He was in California in '49,—saw no end of service on the frontiers, till called East in 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, he soon took the field again; towards the close of the war he was captured by the Confederates.

“Gen. Wessells,” said the *Enquirer* at the time of his death, “was a man of quiet demeanor, the furthest possible from the domineering old soldier of the stage, temperate in habit and language, as clean and pure, as well as gallant, a soldier as ever spent his life in the hard military service of our regular army.”

1898.—The ice storm which began Saturday evening, February 19th, was at its height, and continued with but little abatement for forty-eight hours. This proved the most destructive storm on record. Every tree in the town suffered. Many were snapped off ten or fifteen feet from the ground. The venerable elm in front of Mr. Fuller’s, laden with tons of ice, crashed into the street. For days the sidewalks were impassable, filled with a tangled mass of broken limbs. Millions of icicles hung from

the electric wires which sagged in great loops, and finally broke. The very blades of grass stood up stalagmites of ice.

February 21.

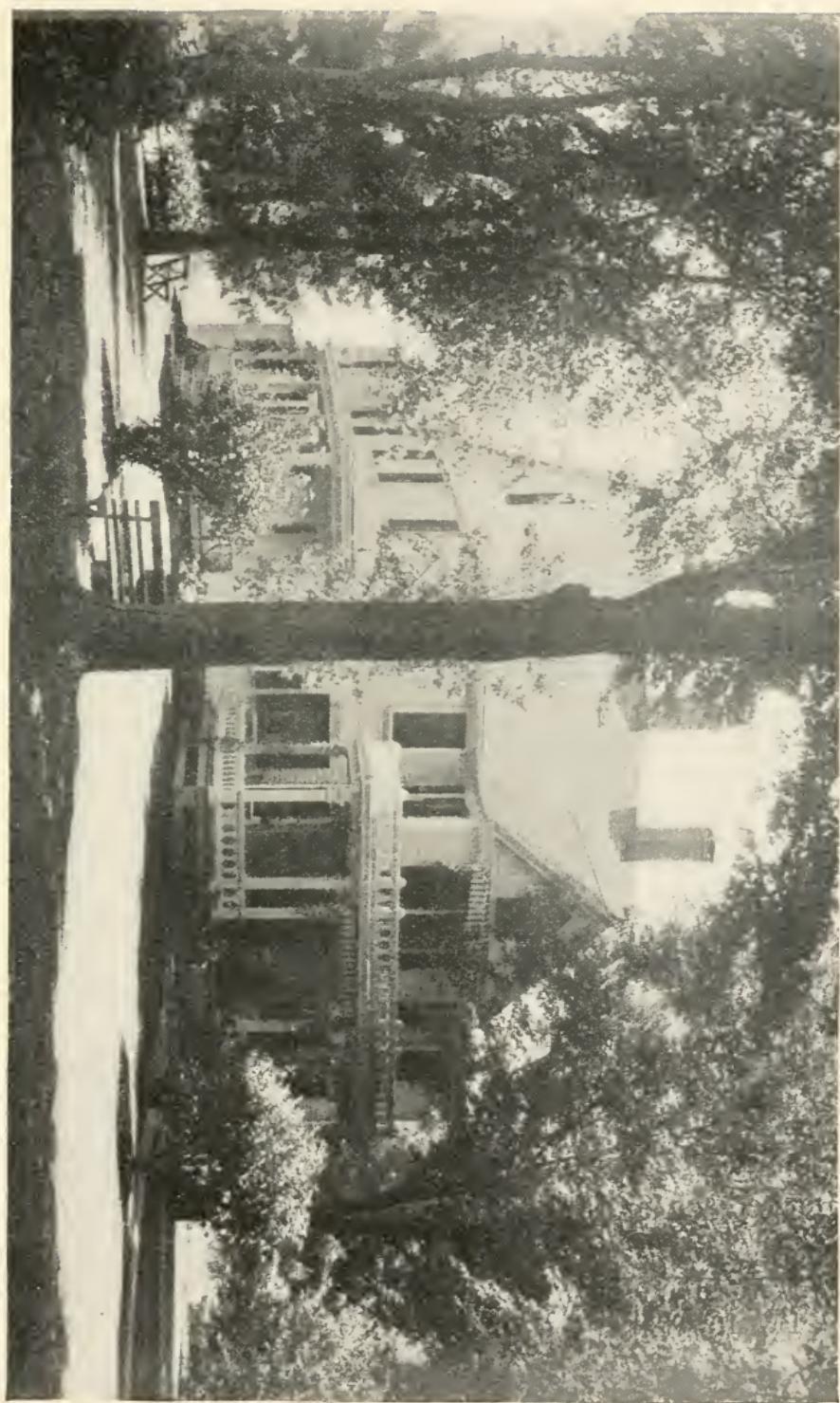
1767.—Abraham Bradley, born. From 1799 to 1829 he was First Assistant Postmaster-General of the United States. He drew and published a map of all the post roads in the Union with the post-offices and distances clearly defined.

February 22.

1757.—Ephraim Kirby, born. He published in Litchfield the first law reports ever issued in America. He was appointed in 1804 United States Judge for the Territory of Louisiana, but died while on his way to the South.

February 23.

The house on South street now the residence of Mrs. H. B. Belden, is one of the most notable in the village, both for its present attractiveness and its past history. Here lived the last King's attorney of the county, Reynold Marvin. His daughter, Ruth, married Ephraim Kirby. Their grandson, Kirby Smith, was the famous Southern general. Just north of the house stood a little office where Col. Kirby prepared the first law reports ever published in this country.



February 24.

1786.—I suppose you expect to hear of a wedding or some such high matter, but I assure you I have better news to tell you, which is no other than this, *that your sister Mariann is not going to be married at all.* The night after you left us, Mr. W. and his family, which consisted of Mrs. G. and his boy Nat and his dog Caper, arrived here, and Saturday they set off for Albany, but before they left us, it was agreed that there should be a total cessation of hostilities from this time henceforth and forever, Amen. I could add *hallelujah*, for my very soul is in raptures at the deliverance. . . . You may tell people that this business is at an end, but do not show this letter to any living mortal. . . .

In true *singleness* and sincerity of heart, I am my dear brother, your loving and affectionate sister until death, MARIANN WOLCOTT.

Mariann Wolcott was in very truth *An Unwilling Maid.* She did not marry Mr. W., neither did she marry (as the story book says) Geoffrey Yorke, late in His Majesty's service. She became the wife of Chauncey Goodrich of Hartford, a leading citizen of the State in his day, lieutenant-governor, congressman, and United States Senator.

February 25.

1810.—Lyman Beecher preached his trial sermons in Litchfield. He was pastor here for sixteen years.

February 26.

A Mr. B.—, before driving from his farm to town used to delay long delivering what he called his “last words.” His vexed hired man at last broke out, “Mr. B.—, you’d be an awful bad man to die ; you’d have so many last words that the undertaker’s bill would come in before yer was dead.” — CLARENCE DEMING : *Yankees and Yankeeisms.*

February 27.

Two years before the outbreak of the Revolution, Oliver Wolcott, Jr., then a young boy, made his first trip to New Haven. On his way thither, he tells us, he met Parson Leavenworth : “On inquiring my name and placing his hands on my head, he inquired whether I intended, if I was able to be like old Noll, a Republican and King Killer.”

February 28.

The old musical bell up in the open belfry was busy tolling. It was the only thing that was allowed to work on Sunday, the bell and the minister. The bell rope was always an object of desire and curiosity to our young days. It ran up into such dark and mysterious spaces. What there was up in those pokerish heights in the belfry tower we did not know, but something that made our flesh creep. Once we ven-

tured to pull that rope. It was a bold and venturesome thing we knew. But a sorcery was on us. It came gently and easily to the hand. We pulled again. "Dong! dong!" went the bell. The old sexton put his head out of the door when, on that particular morning, service had begun, and said in a very solemn and low tone, "Boy! boy, you little d——, you!" and much more I presume, but I did not wait for it, but cut round to the other door and sat all church time trembling, and wondering whether he would "tell my pa;" and if he did, what he would say, and more especially what he would do.—HENRY WARD BEECHER: *Going to Meeting*.

February 29

When I was a boy, nothing suited me so well as to have my father whip me when my clothes were on. Then I could bear it with the most equanimity. It was when he took me at advantage in the morning before I was dressed, that I did not like whippings.—HENRY WARD BEECHER: *The Conflicts of Life*.

March 1.

The month of March had dawned over the slippery, snow-clad hills of Poganuc. The custom that enumerates this as among the spring months was in that region the most bitter irony. Other winter months were simple *winter*, cold, sharp, and hard enough, but March was winter with a practical application driven in by winds that pierced through joints and marrow. Not an icicle of all the stalactites which adorned the fronts of houses had so much as thought of thawing ; the snowbanks still lay in white billows above the tops of the fences ; the roads, through which the ox-sleds of the farmers crunched and squeaked their way were cut down through heavy drifts, and there was still the best prospect in the world for future snow-storms ; but yet it was called “spring.” — HARRIET BEECHER STOWE : *Poganuc People*.

March 2.

1716.—Col. William Whiting, John Marsh, Thomas Seymour, committee for Hartford, and John Eliot, Daniel Griswold, Samuel Rockwell, committee for Windsor, acquire from the In-

dians the title to the land of the original township of Bantam or Litchfield. The price paid was £15 ; the deed was signed at Woodbury.

March 3.

As some of our readers may be curious to know the names of the Indians mentioned in the paragraph for March 2, we record them here : Chusquenoag, Corkscrew, Quiump, Magnash, Sepunkum, Poni, Wonposet, Suckqu-nokqueen, Toweecume, Mansumpansh, Kehow, and Norkontonckquy.

March 4.

“Memorandum.—Before the executing of this instrument [the deed of March 2, 1716], it is to be understood that the grantors above named have reserved to themselves a piece of ground sufficient for their hunting houses near a mountain called Mount Tom.”

March 5.

“A blue bird ! Impossible, so early in March. You must be mistaken.”

“No, come to the door, you can hear him just as plain.”

And sure enough on the highest top of the great button-ball tree opposite the house sat the little blue angel singing with all his might, — a living sapphire dropped down from the walls of the beautiful city above.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE : *Poganuc People.*

March 6.

1894.—Rev. D. D. T. McLaughlin writes the following lines :

TO THE FIRST BLUEBIRD.

Welcome, little bluebird,
 Perched upon the topmost bough ;
 How thy note, anew heard,
 Lifts me from the miry slough.
 O, so blithe and joyous,
 With thy whistle shrill ;
 What, would care annoy us,
 With determined will ?

Welcome, little bluebird,
 Harbinger of joyous spring ;
 How that note, anew heard,
 Wakes my soul again to sing.
 Bring along the chorus
 Of the feathered throng ;
 Music warbling o'er us
 All the summer long.

Courage, little bluebird,
 Though the chilling storm thou meet ;
 For that note, anew heard,
 Says, “ The Spring you soon will greet.”
 Yes, the buds are swelling,
 Winter, hie thee home ;
 For that note keeps telling,
 “ Spring has almost come.”

Welcome, little bluebird,
 With thy whistle, strong and clear ;
 For that note, anew heard,
 Brings again my childhood’s cheer.
 He who rules the seasons,
 Cares for even thee ;
 So my glad heart reasons,
 He will care for me.

March 7.

1757.—Ashbel Baldwin, born. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Seabury at Middletown, 1785. His ordination was the first Protestant Episcopal ordination in the United States. From 1785-93 he was rector of St. Michael's.

March 8

It sometimes happened, that when we were busy about the “chores,” we discovered a nest brimming full of hidden eggs. The hat was the bonded warehouse, of course. But sometimes it was a cap not of suitable capacity. Then the pocket came into play, and chiefly the skirt pockets. Of course, we intended to transfer them immediately after getting into the house; for eggs are as dangerous in the pocket, though for different reasons, as powder would be in a forgeman’s pocket. And so, having finished the evening’s work and put the pin into the stable door, we sauntered toward the house, behind which, and right over Chestnut Hill, the broad moon stood showering all the east with silver twilight. All earthly cares and treasures were forgot in the dreamy pleasure; and at length entering the house,—supper already delayed for us,—we drew up the chair and peacefully sunk into it, with a suppressed and indescribable crunch and liquid crackle underneath us, which brought us up again in

the liveliest manner, and with outcries which seemed made up of all the hen's cackles of all the eggs which were now holding carnival in our pockets ! *Facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum*, etc., which means it is easy to put eggs into your pocket, but how to get them out again, that's the question. And it was the question ! Such a hand-dripping business,—such a scene when the slightly angry mother and the disgusted maid turned the pockets inside out !

We were very penitent ! It should never happen again ! And it did not,—for a month or two. HENRY WARD BEECHER : *Eyes and Ears*.

March 9.

We wish our neighbors would only lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A house without children ! It is like a lantern, and no candle ; a garden, and no flowers ; a brook, and no water gurgling and gushing through its channel.—HENRY WARD BEECHER : *Children*.

March 10.

Mrs. Reeve [the Judge's second wife] was the largest woman I ever saw, with a full ruddy face that had no pretensions to beauty ; but her strong and cultivated mind, her warm and generous feelings, and her remarkable conversational powers made her a universal favorite.



THE BLIZZARD DRIFT AT DR. H. W. BUEL'S.

She was both droll and witty, while she made so much sport of her own personal appearance that it removed all feeling of its disadvantages.
—CATHERINE BEECHER.

March 11.

I wish every day I could go down with you to see Mrs. Reeve and the Judge, and regret that I did not see them oftener when I was where I could. I am resolved, when I come again, to see them every day. I charge you to improve your opportunites of visiting them faithfully, for you will not often meet their like in this world. In the next we shall have no lack of such society—I mean in a better world.—MARY HUBBARD: *Letter to Mrs. Beecher.*

March 12.

1888.—The wind blew a perfect blizzard all day and the drifting and falling snow made even main streets almost impassable. Monday night the storm continued with increasing fury, and buildings rocked as though in a storm at sea.—*Enquirer.*

March 13.

1888.—On Tuesday morning the wind had lessened, though still blowing a gale, with the thermometer at or near zero. . . . The most remarkable drifts are at Dr. [H. W.]

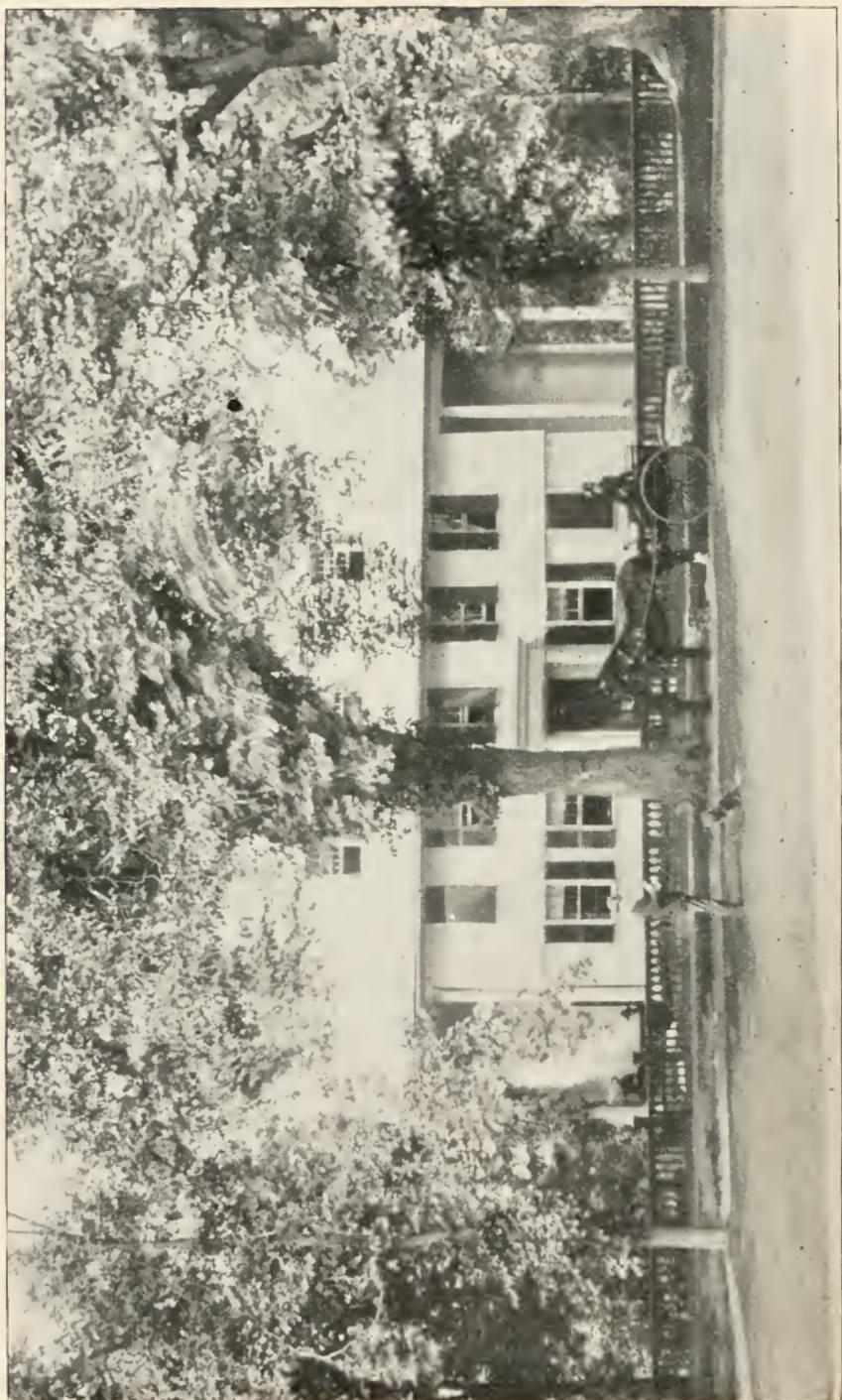
Buel's. One, a little west of the house, rises about 20 feet, to a level with the eaves. There is an addition on the west of Dr. Buel's house, reaching about to the eaves, which is almost completely covered by the snow, so that our reporter, walking along the top of the drift, passed completely over the roof of this part of the house, and down on the northern side. There is a drift on the east which is even higher, shutting up one of the library windows completely, and reaching nearly to the top of one of the large firs which form a hedge on that side of the house.—*Enquirer*.

The last of this drift did not disappear till June.

March 14.

1888.—The wind is northeast, and considerable snow is still falling. People are about on snow shoes, "skees," and snow shoes extemporized out of boards, some carrying groceries to those in great want. . . . Little business is doing. Most of the stores are closed. A few are open with people standing about comparing notes about tunneling to their woodsheds, drifts over second-story windows, and other marvels of the great storm.—*Enquirer*.

It was not until Friday, March 16th, that the Shepaug was running. A cut below Lake Station was drifted in to the depth of twenty-two feet.



THE TALLMADGE HOUSE.

March 15.

Col. Benjamin Tallmadge, the friend of Washington and Lafayette, and one of the most picturesque figures of the Revolutionary War, was a native of Long Island. He came to Litchfield at the close of the war, and resided here for over fifty years.

March 16.

1784.—Col. Tallmadge married Mary Floyd, daughter of Gen. Floyd of Mastic, Long Island, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He had previously purchased of Thomas Sheldon the property still known as the Tallmadge Place. In *Old Litchfield Houses* it is stated that “in the southeast room of his residence, the Colonel had his office, and here every morning his wife used to powder his queue.”

This house was owned for twelve years by Gideon H. Hollister. In the southeast room of the second floor, so Mrs. Hollister tells me, he wrote his *History of Connecticut*.

The house is owned at present by Mrs. W. C. Noyes, a granddaughter of Col. Tallmadge.

March 17.

Col. Tallmadge was rather above the ordinary stature, well proportioned, dignified, and commanding. His step, even in his last years, was firm and elastic, his body erect, and his

whole carriage possessed of a military dignity, in which was combined the model of both the soldier and the gentleman. His countenance was indicative of intelligence, firmness, and sincerity.—LAURENS P. HICKOK : *Address on Col. Tallmadge.*

March 18.

Col. Tallmadge was a member of Congress from 1800 to 1816. “He was appointed on some of the most important committees, especially that on military affairs, of which he was for some time the chairman. His religious character while in Congress was so well understood and so highly appreciated by the Christian public, that petitions involving religious interests were generally committed to him to be presented before the House.—LAURENS P. HICKOK : *Address on Col. Tallmadge.*

March 19.

To hear Dr. Lyman Beecher read the Bible at family prayer in such an eager, earnest tone of admiring delight, with such an indescribable air of intentness and expectancy, as if the book had just been handed him out of heaven, or as if a seal therein was just about to be loosed, was enough to impress one with the feeling that he was ever on the search into the deep things of God’s word.—CHARLES BEECHER.



Bury T. Tallmadge

March 20.

One thing is certain, the custom of family prayers, such as it was, was a great comfort. Even though the chapter were one that she could not by possibility understand a word of, yet it put her in mind of things in the same dear book that she did understand ; things that gave her strength to live and hope and die by, and it was enough ! Her faith in the invisible Friend was so strong that she needed to but touch the hem of his garment. Even a table of genealogies out of *his* book was a sacred charm, an amulet of peace.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE : *Paganuc People.*

March 21.

Judge Reeve, as eminently as John, might be called the loving disciple. I am aware that with many intellect is idolized, and the affections depreciated, but in a world where intellect was common, and unfeeling selfishness is common, a heart filled naturally and by grace with the fullness of love is like the sun dispelling the darkness and dissolving the ice of the frozen regions, and calling into being by its rays, vegetation and life and joy.—LYMAN BEECHER : *Address on Judge Reeve.*

March 22.

1777.—Oliver Wolcott had heard from Dr. Smith that the family had been inoculated for

smallpox, and writes from Philadelphia to his wife : " I perceive that Mariana has had it bad, he writes very hard. I am heartily sorry for what the little Child has suffered, and very much want to see her. If she has by this lost some of her Beauty, which I hope she has not, yet I well know she might spare much of it and retain as much as most of her Sex possesses."

1837.—The ice storm of this and the succeeding day damaged timber and orchards in the town to the extent of \$100,000.

March 23.

1721.—The first white child is born in Litchfield. Her name was Eunice Griswold. She married Solomon Buel.

March 24.

1802.—Charles P. Huntington, born. He became judge of the Superior Court in the city of Boston.

March 25.

Mother was an enthusiastic horticulturalist in all the small ways that limited means allowed. Her brother John, in New York, had just sent her a small parcel of fine tulip bulbs. I remember rummaging these out of an obscure corner of the nursery one day when she was gone out, and being strongly seized with the idea that

they were good to eat, and using all the little English I then possessed to persuade my brothers that these were onions such as grown people ate, and would be very nice for us. So we fell to and devoured the whole. . . . Then mother's serene face appeared at the nursery door. . . . I remember there was not even a momentary expression of impatience, but that she sat down and said, "My dear children, what you have done makes mamma very sorry; those were not onion roots, but roots of beautiful flowers; and if you had let them alone, ma would have had next summer in the garden great beautiful red and yellow flowers such as you never saw." — HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

March 26.

When I was a law student (1823-25) a few old gentlemen still retained the dress of the Revolution. It was a powdered queue, white topped boots, silk stockings, and breeches with buckles. I can remember to have seen David Daggett, chief justice, and a half dozen others, walking in the streets with this dignified dress. It is vain to say that the present dress is at all equal to it,—in what ought to be one of the objects of good dress,—to give an idea of dignity and respect.—E. D. MANSFIELD : *Personal Memories.*

March 27.

At Easter-tide, when winter struggles in vain against the on-coming spring, and when the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust" fade out before the radiance of "I am the resurrection and the life," the "quiet gate" on the Torrington road becomes the entrance into the larger life beyond.

The lines quoted under March 28th, were written in boyhood by Prof. E. T. McLaughlin. All that is mortal of him rests in the God's-Acre of which he sings, but the soul of him has seen and heard the wonders of the better country.

March 28.

A WINTER WALK.

(TORRINGTON ROAD.)

A winding walk soft paved with snow,
On either hand against the skies,
Streaked with the ruddy sunset-glow,
White mantled trees arise.

No sound : the very wind is still,
Tired by long waiting into sleep ;
No hurrying brook or wild birds trill
Disturbs the silence deep.

The wintry forest scene appears
The tranquil vestibule of peace ;
From wistful hopes and haunting fears
We win a sweet release.

And so we walk the winding way,
 Dismissing thought, content to feel
What eloquence can never say,
 Or clearest thought reveal.

And through this quiet gate we peer
 Into the hidden land ; ah well !
What wonders we may see and hear,
 When we with silence dwell !

—E. T. McLAUGHLIN: *Enquirer.*

March 29.

Prof. E. T. McLaughlin, from whom we have just quoted, grew from boyhood to manhood in Litchfield, graduated at Yale in 1883, and continued there as fellow, instructor, and professor until his untimely death ten years later. Two years is a long time in the thronging life of a great university. Yet when the class of 1895 came to graduate, the class poem was an *In Memoriam* of Prof. McLaughlin, while the most striking paragraph in the class oration was devoted to the brilliant teacher of English literature. These are its closing words: "I cannot express all I feel of emotion and tenderness for the life that is no longer lived among us. Many of you knew him better than I, but the refining influence of that noble spirit is the best thing I carry away from Yale."

March 30.

1788.—Amos M. Collins, born. He was an eminent merchant and philanthropist, mayor of Hartford, 1843-46.

March 31.

Let not your heart be troubled. Give thanks greatly for the good ; and at whatsoever times you are afraid, trust in the Lord.—LYMAN BEECHER : *Letter to Catharine Beecher.*

April 1.

1724.—John Marsh chosen agent of the town, “to represent their state to the General Assembly concerning the settlement and continuing of their inhabitants in times of war and danger.”

April 2.

Some time in April, 1785, the South Farms Society voted that “the meeting-house committee shall have good right to furnish *Rum*, *Grindstones* and *Ropes* sufficient for framing the meeting house according to their best discretion.”

April 3.

William Norton came to church on runners for twenty consecutive Sundays during the winter of 1872-73.—*Leonard Stone's Diary*.

This is a good record for the snow, and for Mr. Norton, too.

April 4.

State elections used to be held on the first Monday in April.

“When a fall of snow became moist under an election-day sun, so as to pack easily into balls,

the heart of every true Litchfield lad thumped with delight. Then half a dozen of the most agile of us would 'shin' up the lightning-rod to the belfry, forty or fifty feet above, and, secure in our perch, pelt mercilessly the helpless and somewhat profane crowd of sovereign voters."—CLARENCE DEMING: *A Yankee Town Meeting*.

April 5.

The snows passed away like a bad dream, and the brooks woke up and began to laugh and to gurgle, and the ice went out of the ponds. . . . In a few weeks the woods, late so frozen—hopelessly buried in snow-drifts—were full of a thousand delicacies of life and motion, and flowers bloomed on every hand. "Thou sendest forth thy spirit and they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth."—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE: *Poganuc People*.

April 6.

1785.—John Pierpont, born. He became one of the most eminent of Unitarian preachers, a powerful advocate of the anti-slavery and temperance reforms, and one of the leading men of letters of his time.

April 7.

1817.—Our election has been held this day. In this village, Gov. Smith had 222, and your



humble servant 322 votes. I own that I am pleased with obtaining the majority in this Town, as every possible exertion has been made to oppose me. I know that seven-eighths of the Town are pleased with the result, though many dare not confess it. I know my Conn. Comrades well; when a strange animal, as they consider me, comes among them, they first attempt to knock him on the head. If they find him too strong, they will make peace on pretty fair terms, and like him the better for having resisted them.—OLIVER WOLCOTT, JR.

This election was one of the most decisive in the history of the State, resulting in the downfall of the Federalist party, and the dis-establishment of Congregationalism.* Added bitterness was given to the conflict because Wolcott had been one of the most honored of Federalists in the country, but was now the candidate of the Democratic party in a campaign that proved to be the death struggle of the Federalists. He alludes to himself as a stranger to Litchfield, from the fact that for years most of his time had been spent in Washington and New York. In the former city, he was Controller and afterwards Secretary of the Treasury. In the latter city, he was judge of the United States Circuit Court. When that office was abolished, he entered

* See Lyman Beecher's Comment, Oct. 5.

business life, and was founder and first president of the Bank of North America.

1820.—Henry W. Buel, born. He founded Spring Hill Sanitarium in 1858, and became one of the leading physicians of the State.

“He was so much of an educated Christian gentleman that it was comparatively easy for him to do that which would give a man peace at the last.”—DR. G. W. RUSSELL: *Hartford Courant*.

“There will be a great many people who will be glad to see Dr. Buel’s picture in the Book of Days,” said some one while this book was going through the press.

At his first surgical operation, Dr. Buel offered a prayer, and in that spirit he fulfilled his ministry of healing, helping men to realize that the Great Physician is not far off.

April 8.

1794.—Edmund Kirby, born. He served through the War of 1812 and the Mexican War, attaining the rank of colonel.

April 9.

In 1817, the year Oliver Wolcott, Jr., was elected governor, he enlarged the house on South street, built by Gen. Wadsworth in 1799, and is said to have lived there in a style never before attempted in Connecticut. The present owner of this historic house is Col. George Bliss Sanford.



HENRY W. BUEL, M. D.

April 10.

1776.—Oliver Wolcott writes his wife :

“Your Cares and Burdens must be many and great; but put your trust in that God who has hitherto supported you and me; He will not fail to take Care of those who put their Trust in Him.”

April 11.

The first Oliver Wolcott set out thirteen button-ball trees in the village, naming them after the original States. These trees were not set out in a row, but were planted here and there on the main streets. Two of these trees are still standing; one, on East Street near the Ebenezer Marsh House; the other, in front of the Roman Catholic Church. The latter tree, it is said, was named Connecticut.

April 12.

After Dr. Pierpont had become one of the most distinguished Unitarian clergymen in the country, he revisited Litchfield. At once a discussion arose in the Congregational church as to whether he should be asked to preach. Finally, a compromise was reached. He was invited to make the long prayer. And he did it. He might just as well have preached the sermon, for he prayed for nearly a week!—J. DEMING PERKINS.

April 13.

1789.—Ephraim Kirby's law-reports, the first to be published in the United States, are advertised by the *Monitor* as "just published at this office, and ready for subscribers and gentlemen disposed to purchase, for which most kinds of country produce will be received."

April 14.

1778.—Times, I admit, are bad, but I do not believe that God will consign this country to Destruction. Light in due time will arise, and the Happy Days of Peace, fair, equitable, and just Peace will return.—OLIVER WOLCOTT.

1802.—Horace Bushnell was born "in an old house, now gone, at the fork of the roads, and opposite the Episcopal church in Bantam." When three years of age, he removed with his parents to New Preston.

Bushnell was pre-eminently the preacher's preacher,—the most original and stimulating thinker in the realm of theology that America in this century has produced.

April 15.

I was only a tender, rubicund mollusk of a creature at the time when I came out in this rough battle with winds, winters, and wickedness; and so far from being able to take care of myself, I was only a little and confusedly

conscious of myself, or that I was anybody; and when I broke into this little, confused consciousness, it was with a cry—such a dismal figure did I make to myself; or perchance it was something prophetic, without inspiration, a foreshadow, dim and terrible, of the great battle of woe and sin I was sent hither to fight. But my God and my good mother both heard my cry and went to the task of strengthening and comforting me together, and were able ere long to get a smile on my face. My mother's loving instinct was from God, and God was in love to me first, therefore; which love was deeper than hers and more protracted. Long years ago she vanished, but God stays by me still, embracing me in my gray hairs as tenderly and carefully as she did in my infancy, and giving to me as my joy and the principal glory of my life that he lets me know him, and helps me with real confidence to call him my Father.—HORACE BUSHNELL: *Life and Letters.*

April 16.

Horace Bushnell was born in a household where religion was no occasional and nominal thing, no irksome restraint nor unwelcome visitor, but a constant atmosphere, a commanding but genial presence. In our father it was characterized by eminent evenness, fairness, and conscientiousness; in our mother, it was felt as an intense life of love, utterly unselfish and un-

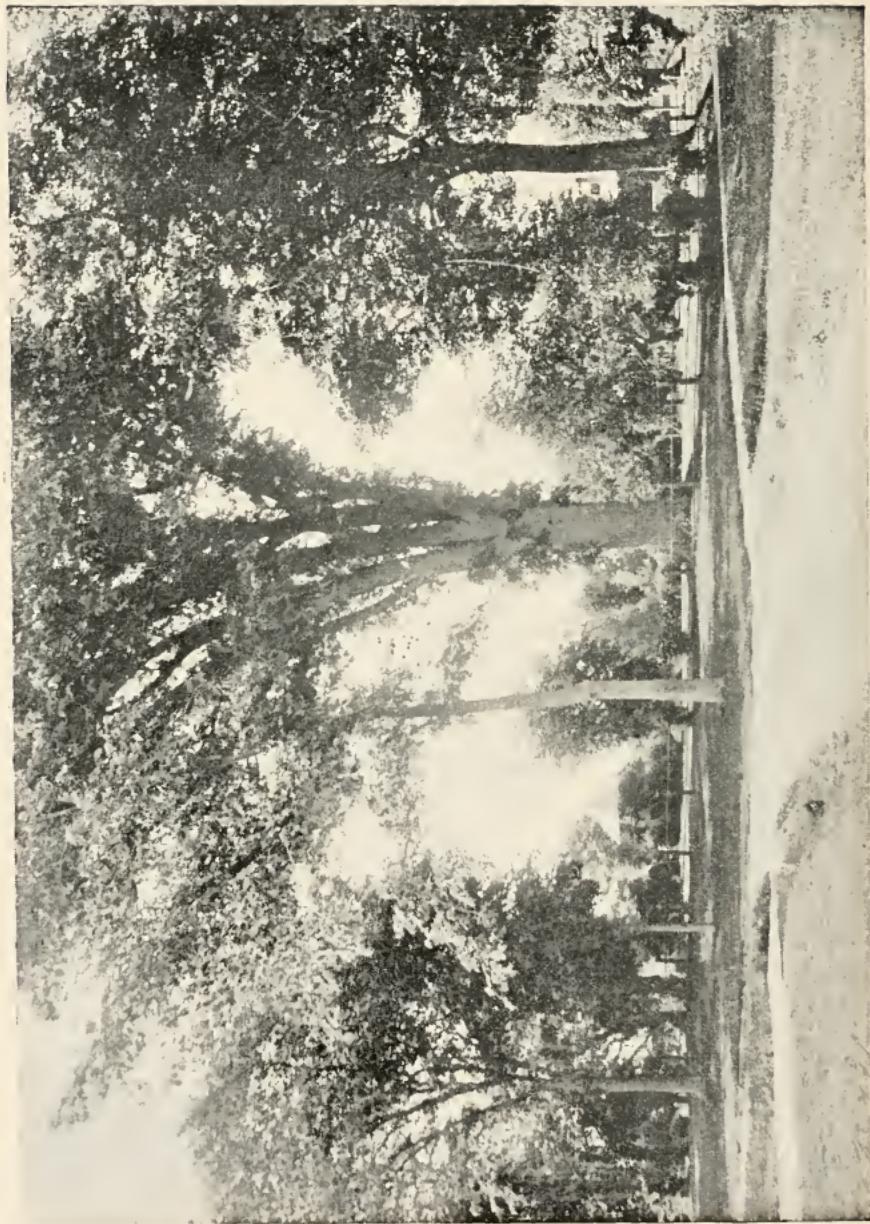
tiring in its devotion, yet thoughtful, sagacious, and wise, always stimulating and ennobling, and in special crises leaping out in tender and almost awful fire. If ever there was a child of Christian nurture, he was one.—GEORGE BUSHNELL: *Bushnell's Life and Letters*.

April 17.

F. Ratchford Starr, after a successful business career in Philadelphia, came to Litchfield some thirty years ago, bought property on Chestnut Hill, and began farming for recreation. He soon added to his land, and established the Echo Farm Dairy. No one has done justice to the sights of Litchfield who has failed to visit this model dairy.

April 18.

The reader may want to know how I succeeded in my first and only attempt at plowing. Everything being ready, and not a few lookers-on to witness results, I started on a course due south, at least it should have been, but certainly was not. Though "due" there, I never reached that point. It was an ordinary plow I had, yet it acted in the most extraordinary way, going southeast and then southwest. Indeed, the oxen proved so stupid that they could not be made to "head" as I ordered them. . . . At times they were bound N.



SITE OF THE BEECHER HOUSE.

N. W., then N. N. E., though "due" south, and I began to suspect that I was driving a more intelligent team than I had at first supposed, and that the knowing creatures, aware of my fondness for sailing, were "boxing the compass" for my gratification.—F. RATCHFORD STARR: *Farm Echoes*.

April 19.

I remember standing often in the door of our house and looking over a distant horizon, where Mount Tom reared its proud blue head against the sky, and the Great and Little Ponds, as they were called, gleamed out amid a steel-blue sea of distant pine groves.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

April 20.

To the west of us rose a smooth-bosomed hill, called Prospect Hill; and many a pensive, wondering hour have I sat at our playroom window, watching the glory of the wonderful sunsets that used to burn themselves out amid voluminous wreathings, or castellated turrets of clouds—vaporous pageantry proper to a mountainous region.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

April 21.

"On the east of us lay another upland, called Chestnut Hills, whose sides were wooded with a rich growth of forest trees, whose changes of

tint and verdure, from the first misty tints of spring green, through the deepening hues of summer, into the rainbow glories of autumn, was a subject of constant remark and of pensive contemplation to us children."—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

April 22.

In April, 1723, the inhabitants voted to build their first church; and the house was finished within three years. It was built in a plain manner and without a steeple. Its dimensions were 45 feet in length and 35 in breadth. . . . At the raising of this building, all the adult males in the whole township being present, sate on the sills at once.—*Morris' Statistical Account.*

April 23.

1749.—The first St. Michael's church was raised. It stood about a mile west of the Court House. It was named at the request of John Davies, who had been for some years the only Episcopalian in the town.

April 24.

1875.—The Village Improvement Company is organized at the home of George M. Woodruff. The following were the first officers: George M. Woodruff, President; Mary C. Hickox, Secretary; Grace N. Gates, Treasurer.

Up to the time of its celebration in the

summer of 1895, this society raised and expended for the benefit of the village, \$15,253.70.

The concrete walks, the street lamps, the stone watering trough in the center of the village, are some of the evidences of its work; while through its public spirited initiative, householders have been stimulated to give added care to their own private grounds. This society has been the determining factor in making this venerable town one of the most beautiful of summer resorts in all New England.

April 25.

Tapping Reeve "was quite absent-minded. One day he was seen walking up North street with a bridle in his hand, but without his horse, which had quietly slipped out and walked off. The Judge calmly fastened the bridle to a post, and walked into the house oblivious of any horse."—E. D. MANSFIELD: *Personal Memories*.

April 26.

A number of stories concerning Judge Reeve's absent-mindedness have come down to these later days. It is part of local tradition that one day he borrowed a gun of his neighbor, Major Seymour. Weeks after it was found where he had left it, leaning against a bean-pole, but meanwhile entangled by the rapidly-growing stalk.

On another occasion, a passenger on the midnight stage from New Haven made an urgent call at the Judge's for a legal document in his possession. All night long the search was kept up, but in vain. Some time after the paper was found—stuffed in the bung of the vinegar barrel.

April 27.

1777.—News of the Danbury Raid reaches town.

“About one o'clock we were alarmed. Our people turned out spiritedly; came up with the rear of the enemy at eleven the next day, a little below Wilton meeting-house, and pursued them aboard their ships.”—DR. REUBEN SMITH
Letter to Oliver Wolcott.

April 28.

1741.—Col. Beebe, born. He was distinguished in the French and Revolutionary conflicts, and held many civil offices in his native town.

1777. Paul Peck was slain in the Wilton skirmish. He was the most famous hunter of his day. Father Mills of Torringford, in preaching on the folly of self-conceit, told of a Berkshire fox who had eluded so many snares and hunters and hounds as to become careless. “He enters Fat Swamp at a jolly trot, head and tail up, looking defiance at the enemies he

has left so far behind him. But, oh ! the dreadful reverse; in the midst of his haughty reverie, he is brought to a sudden and everlasting stop in one of Paul Peck's traps."

Fat Swamp is the fertile valley just south of the Ripley place.

April 29.

1719.—Fifty-seven deeds were made out to the original proprietors of the township.

April 30.

When I first came here, I was presented by a friend with numerous valuable cuttings, and felt in duty bound to give them my personal attention. They were all planted with the utmost care, perhaps too much of it, for not one of them took root, so far as could be seen. It did not occur to me to ask the members of the Chinese Embassy, when they honored me with a visit a year or two ago, whether they had heard of, or seen, before leaving China, any of these cuttings or the results of them. I had planted them years previously upside down, and if they appeared anywhere, it must have been at the antipodes.—F. RATCHFORD STARR : *Farm Echoes.*

May 1.

1789.—A meeting of leading citizens is held at the house of David Buel. They “associate and mutually agree, that hereafter we will carry on our business without the use of distilled Spirits as an article of refreshment, either for ourselves or those whom we employ, and that instead thereof, we will serve our workmen with wholesome food, and common simple drinks of our own production.” — *Litchfield Monitor, May 25, 1789.*

While this is not the “first Temperance Organization in the world,” nevertheless, the signing of this agreement is one of the most noted landmarks in the history of the Temperance Reform in America,— antedating Lyman Beecher’s “Six Sermons” by more than thirty years.

1898.—G. P. Colvocoresses, Lieutenant Commander of the Concord, takes part in the battle of Manila Bay. In a letter of his published in the *Enquirer*, he says: “We were under the fire of more than a hundred guns for over four hours, and I cannot imagine ships being handled with more skill, or men behaving with greater coolness and courage, than did ours.”

Eight Litchfield men were in the service of the country during the Spanish war,—three of them were under fire at the front.

May 2.

A few days after the meeting at David Buel's, just alluded to, Jedidiah Strong signed the Temperance Resolutions with a commendatory note.

As one reads his name in this connection, even at this late date, it is with a feeling of sadness. Strong was a man of considerable ability, and a successful politician in his day; even in the times of the Wolcotts and chief Justice Adams, and Tapping Reeve, he sat in thirty sessions of the legislature, was a member of the Continental Congress, and held other positions of trust. But domestic troubles came, resulting in a divorce; then strong drink helped him on the downward road. He died in poverty, and no man knows the place of his burial. The only memorial that is left of him is the milestone at Elm Ridge:

33 Miles to

Hartford

102 Miles to

New York

J. Strong

AD 1787.

May 3.

What a preponderance of motives in favor of doing right! How small the inducement to do wrong! The first is to the second as a million to one.—LYMAN BEECHER.

May 4.

1791.—Robert Pierpont, born. He became lieutenant-governor of Vermont and judge of the Supreme Court of the State.

May 5.

1812.—Luke Lewis moved into his house on East street. There had been a heavy snow the night before, and the moving was done with ox-sleds.—*Old Litchfield Houses.*

May 6.

Litchfield being a frontier town when it was first settled, the inhabitants were often alarmed. In May, 1722, Captain Jacob Griswold [*sic*] being at work alone in a field about one mile west of the present court-house, two Indians suddenly rushed upon him from the woods, took him, pinioned his arms, and carried him off. They traveled in a northerly direction, and the same day arrived in some part of the township, now called Canaan, then a wilderness. The Indians kindled a fire, and after

binding their prisoner hand and foot, lay down to sleep. Griswould, fortunately, disengaging his hands and his feet, while his arms were yet pinioned, seized their guns, and made his escape into the woods. After traveling a small distance he sat down and waited till the dawn of day. . . . The savages awoke in the morning, and finding their prisoner gone, immediately pursued him ; they soon overtook him, and kept in sight of him the greater part of the day. . . . Near sunset, he reached an eminence, in an open field about one mile northwest of the present court-house. He then discharged one of his guns, which immediately summoned the people to his assistance. The Indians fled and Griswould safely returned to his family.—*Morris' Statistical Account.*

May 7.

A Mrs. Sanford in South Farms cleared her dooryard by cutting with her own hands one tree a day, while her husband was engaged in more pressing farm work. It was she who, before even a bridle path had been opened through the woods, used to walk to Litchfield meeting-house on Sundays carrying her shoes in her hands to be worn only in the village. When we consider such exertions, need we wonder that many years later, when the younger Wolcotts and others set the elms in our village

streets, the old men groaned : "We have worked so hard and just got the woods cleared off, and now they are bringing the trees back again!"
—ESTHER H. THOMPSON : *Enquirer.*

May 8.

In the early days, the hostess of the village tavern was asked by an Indian for supper and a drink. As he had no money, she refused him, calling him a worthless and good-for-nothing fellow. A white man overhearing the conversation, took pity on the Indian, ordered supper for him and paid the bill. When the meal was ended, the Indian said he would like to tell a story to the hostess and to his benefactor :

"The Bible say, God made the world, and then he took him and looked on him, and say, 'it's all very good.' Then he made dry land and water, and sun and moon, and grass and trees; and took him and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made beasts, and birds, and fishes; and took him and looked on him and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made man; and took him and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made woman; and took him and looked on him, and he dare no say one such word." The Indian having told his story withdrew.—*Condensed from Dwight's Travels.*

May 9.

The sequel to the story of the preceding paragraph relates to the captivity of the white man. Years after, while in the wilderness, he was carried captive by the Indians to Canada. After spending some months there, an unknown Indian met him and ordered the white man to follow him. They traveled together for many days. At length, "they came one morning to the top of an eminence presenting the prospect of a cultivated country, in which was a number of houses. The Indian asked his companion whether he knew the place. He replied eagerly that it was Litchfield. His guide then, after reminding him that he had so many years before relieved the wants of a famishing Indian at an inn in that town, subjoined: "I, that Indian; now I pay you; go home." Having said this, he bade him adieu; and the man joyfully returned to his own house.—*Condensed from Dwight's Travels.*

May 10.

1725.—The town "voted and agreed that there shall forthwith be erected one good and substantial Mount, or place convenient for sentinels to stand for the better discovering the enemy, and for the safety of said sentinels when upon their watch or ward; that is to say, one Mount at each of the four Forts."

May 11.

My grandmother, Ann Catlin, when a little girl, was playing in the yard, and thinking she saw a band of Indians coming up the hill, ran in terror to her mother saying, "The Indians are coming, and we shall all be killed." The dreaded Indians proved to be a cavalcade of relatives, old and young, in every imaginable sort of conveyance, coming to do honor to the birthday of Mrs. Catlin. Her housewifely anxiety was relieved as to the entertainment of so many guests, by the thought that her capacious brick oven was at that moment filled to overflowing with good things, and that the honey from a hive of bees had that very morning been secured, and that a cart, seemingly supplied with creature comforts, was approaching.—MRS. MARY A. HUNT: *Enquirer*.

May 12.

1777.—Gov. Franklin is confined in our gaol, and a constant guard kept. We trust he will find it difficult to escape, should he attempt it.
—DR. REUBEN SMITH: *Letter to Gen. Wolcott*.

Hon. Wm. Franklin was the son of Benjamin Franklin, and was the Tory governor of New Jersey.

May 13.

1793.—Samuel S. Phelps, born. He was the son of Captain John Phelps, proprietor of the

United States Hotel in the old days. He became judge of the Supreme Court, and United States Senator from Vermont. His son is E. J. Phelps, one of the best known of the public men of to-day.

May 14.

Vermont is a child of this County. We gave her her first Governor, and three Governors besides; as many as three Senators in Congress, and also many of her most efficient founders and early distinguished citizens.—
JUDGE CHURCH: *Litchfield County Centennial.*

May 15.

The attitude assumed by Vermont in the early stages of the Revolutionary War, in respect to Canada on the north, and the threatening States of New York and New Hampshire on either side, was peculiar and delicate, and demanded the most adroit policy to secure her purpose of independence. In her dilemma, her most sagacious men resorted to the counsels of their old friends of Litchfield County, and it is said that her final course was shaped, and her designs accomplished by the advice of a confidential council, assembled at the house of Gov. Wolcott in this village.—
JUDGE CHURCH: *Litchfield County Centennial.*

May 16.

1740.—“Voted, that whosoever shall Kill and Distroy any Rattle Snakes, within the bounds of the town, any time before the tenth day of December next, bringing the tayl and som of the flesh to any one of the Selectmen of the town, shall have three pence for each snake.”

May 17.

There, on the topmost twig that rises and falls with willowy motion, sits that ridiculous but sweet singing bobolink, singing, as a Roman candle fizzes, showers of sparkling notes.—HENRY WARD BEECHER: *Eyes and Ears.*

May 18.

Every thoughtful, right-minded farmer has an inspiration not found in any other calling. He works God’s earth, preparing it for the desired crops, and when all is ready he plants the seed. There his work ceases. He can do no more, for God alone can “give the increase.” In due time myriads of blades of grass or grain make their appearance as so many messengers sent by the Almighty to tell him of the coming harvest. He reverently feels that God and he have worked together, and goes forth with grateful heart to receive the ripened grain direct from the hand of the Creator.—F. RATCHFORD STARR: *Farm Echoes.*

May 19.

1780.—The Dark Day throughout New England. The darkness came on about ten o'clock; candles were lit in the houses; lanterns, carried on the roads. To multitudes, it seemed as if the end of the world were at hand.

1781.—Washington breakfasted in Litchfield, *en route* to Wethersfield.

May 20.

When General Washington passed through Litchfield in the Revolutionary War, the soldiers, to evince their attachment to him, threw a shower of stones at the windows of the Episcopal Church. He reproved them, saying: "I am a *Churchman*, and wish not to see the church dishonored and desolated in this manner."—ANNA DICKINSON: *Narrative of the Episcopal Church.*

May 21.

1864.—The Second Connecticut found itself for the first time face to face with the enemy. Yes, that dingy looking line, slowly moving to the north along that slope, a mile and a half in front of us, was a body of real, live *Johnnies*; and those puffs of smoke in the woods below were from the muskets of rebels, who were firing on our pickets. . . . Late in the evening we silently moved out, following the

track of the troops who had preceded us, and began that long and terrible series of marches which were continued almost without a breathing spell, until the first of June.—T. F. VAILL: *History of the Second Connecticut.*

May 22.

1898.—Auxiliary No. 16 of the American National Red Cross Society was organized in the Town Hall. Up to September 23d, \$820 and a large amount of material were contributed. Twenty-three sewing meetings were held with an average attendance of twenty-two. The ladies in Bantam, Milton, and Northfield co-operated in the work.

The Red Cross work calls to mind the still larger work done during the Civil War, and leads one to think of that memorable Sunday in the Eighteenth Century when a messenger came breathless into the meeting-house, and Parson Champion read to the people “St. John’s is taken!” But there is news that the soldiers are in great destitution. There is immediate need of clothing. That afternoon, not a woman was at service. “On that usually still Puritan Sabbath afternoon, there now rang out on every side the hum of the wheel and the click of the shuttle. . . . Many years after, when a venerable old man, Mr. Champion was asked by his granddaughter how he could approve such

a desecration of the Sabbath. He turned on her a solemn look and replied simply, "Mercy before sacrifice."

May 23.

At a local sword presentation during the Civil War, I heard one of the orators exhort the ladies not to forget the soldiers in the hospital as well as on the field. "For," added he, "there's more what is not slewed on the field of battle than what is killed by ball." — CLARENCE DEMING : *Yankees and Yankeeisms*

May 24.

Hezekiah Murray, seventy or eighty years ago, became a total-abstinence man, and refused in any way to abet the use or traffic in intoxicants. He had had a still costing a hundred dollars put upon his premises, but he determined it should never be used for distilling. He plead with Dr. Beecher, who said of him, "He would not give me peace ; he stood up in the middle of my floor, and counted the names of my people who had died drunkards, and of those who were going to ruin. . . . Do you believe after that I made flip with a crowbar?"

Murray's earnestness was an important factor leading to the "Six Sermons on Intemperance."

Years after, when Murray had passed away, a strip of copper from the still was sent to Dr. Beecher. "Do you remember Hezekiah Mur-

ray?" said the writer. "Yes," replied he, springing to his feet, "he was one of God's noblemen." — *Condensed from an article in Boston Recorder, Feb. 5, 1863.*

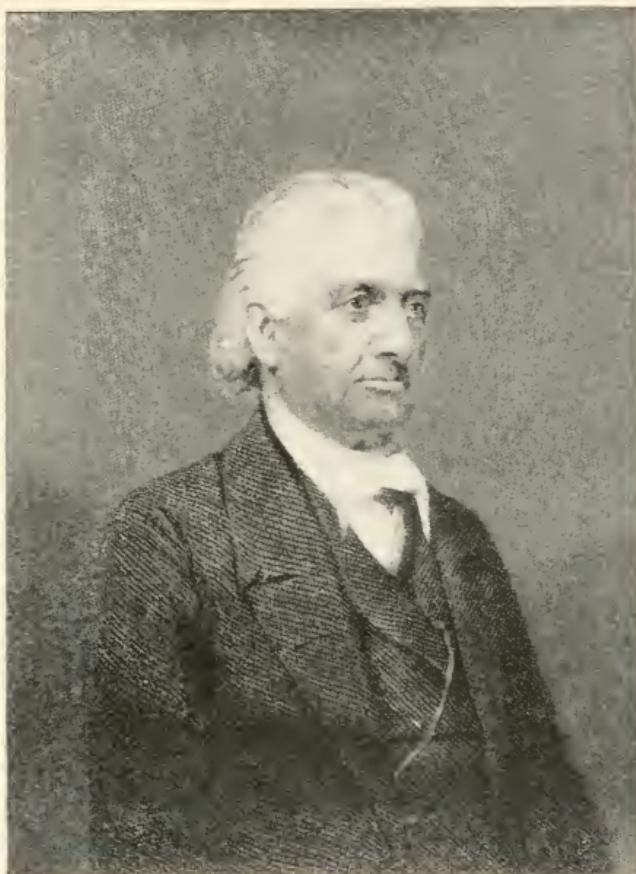
May 25.

One of the first converts under Lyman Beecher's Litchfield ministry fell into intemperate habits. This led the doctor to prepare his famous Six Sermons on Intemperance. "I wrote under such power of feeling as never before or since. Never could have written it under other circumstances. They took hold of the whole congregation. Sabbath after Sabbath the interest grew and became the most absorbing thing ever heard of before. A wonder—of weekly conversation and interest, and, when I got through, of eulogy; all the old farmers that brought in wood to sell, and used to set up their cart-whips at the groggeries, talked about it, and said, many of them, they would never drink again." —LYMAN BEECHER.

I didn't set up for a reformer any more than this: when I saw a rattlesnake in my path, I would smite it.—LYMAN BEECHER.

May 26.

Here is a characteristic advertisement taken from the *Monitor* of one hundred years ago: "Whereas Anner my wife hath eloped from



LYMAN BEECHER.

my bed and board. All persons are forbid trusting her on my account as I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date. All those indebted to me are forbid making any payments to her."

May 27.

William Norton, who has handed down to the present generation many incidents of the former times, is responsible for the following anecdote :

When the great elm at the jail corner was a slender tree, it was used as a whipping-post. The culprit was tied to the tree, and could put his arms clear around it. When one of the Seymours was sheriff, he was obliged to inflict the old-time penalty upon two men, the one an Indian, the other a white man. The Indian bore it stoically without a murmur ; but the white man, at the first lash, screamed. The sheriff had not the heart to make the next blow so heavy ; still the culprit continued his outcry. Each succeeding blow was lighter, and the offender got off with scarcely any injury,— save perhaps to his vocal chords.

May 28.

The County Jail is now known as "Benton's Inn," from the genial Civil War veteran who is the jailor. We are sure that if Mayor Matthews were his guest, he would give as good an

account of him as he did of Major Seymour a hundred years ago.

When Rev. James Taylor was pastor of the Methodist Church in 1874, he instituted regular religious services at the jail. His successors maintained his work until 1877, when Rev. D. D. T. McLaughlin became chaplain. Since he passed away in 1895, his wife has continued his work. The *Enquirer* justly said of him : "The good that he has done and the lives that he has redeemed, since he has been chaplain at the jail the past eighteen years, can never be known until the books are opened at the Judgment Day."

May 29.

Of course you will often walk under the great elms on the North street. Tell me whether they really touch the skies as it used to seem to me, and if they yet hold mysterious conversation when the wind moves in their tops; and find out what they say, if you can, for I never could.— HENRY WARD BEECHER : *Letter to Fanny Fern.*

May 30.

1778.—Richard Skinner, born. He became chief justice and governor of Vermont.

1780.—Henry Seymour, born. He became a distinguished citizen of Central New York. Gov. Horatio Seymour was his son.

1789.—James Collier, born. He was the first



NORTH STREET, LOOKING NORTH

civil officer of the Federal government in San Francisco.

May 31.

1778.—Horatio Seymour, born. He was for twelve years United States Senator from Vermont. It was his nephew and namesake who was the Democratic Presidential candidate in 1868.

June 1.

1776.—Oliver Wolcott writes from Philadelphia to his wife : “It is now a long time since I have been here, and I do most sincerely wish to return to the Pleasures of a domestick rural Life. . . . Here I see little except human Faces which I know not, and numerous Piles of Buildings which have long since satiated the Sight, and the street rumble is far from being musical. But as I was not sent here to please myself, I shall cheerfully yield to my Duty.”

1864.—Battle of Cold Harbor. The Litchfield county regiment lost 81 men killed ; 212 wounded (33 fatally) ; 15 missing.

“About three o’clock the order was received for the Second Connecticut to advance. The first battalion went at double-quick across the open field under a whizzing of lead that dropped somebody at every step, into the wood under fire every moment thickening, and in a moment with unbroken ranks confronting the enemy in their entrenchments, and but for a strong abattis of pine boughs would have gone over them like Niagara. But there the fight began, and there our men fought like lions, and there fell and died without the slightest



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT BUILDING.

sense of pain, many, oh how many, of the noblest men that ever saw the light. . . . They took the entrenchments, they made more than five hundred rebel prisoners and sent them to the rear, and held the line.—ADJUTANT VAILL : *Newspaper Correspondence*.

1892.—The Fire Department Building is formally opened. This handsome and lavishly equipped club house,—for such it is,—is the gift of a public-spirited citizen, Mr. J. Deming Perkins.

There was a time when the facilities for fighting fire were insufficient, though to be sure, it rained sometimes. But, with the introduction of city water and the building of the Fire Department House, the efficient volunteer firemen were not only adequately, but elegantly, equipped for service.

June 2.

You can have no idea of the intense anxiety in Litchfield in the days following Cold Harbor. It was the same after every great battle in which Litchfield troops were engaged. The telegraph wires had more news than they could carry. It was impossible to get details. All we knew was, that a terrible battle had been fought, and that a great number were either dead or wounded. As Mr. Hubbard was Congressman, our house was a rendezvous for people hoping and fearing for news. They would

often stay till late at night. I particularly remember one woman from Goshen who waited till eleven o'clock, and then went home, cheered with the thought that no news was good news. She had just gone, when we received word that her husband was among the slain.—MRS. ABBY J. HUBBARD.

June 3.

You can stand over in the neighborhood of the West District schoolhouse, and see the smoke from six farm houses, where their dead were brought back from the Civil War. Three sons of the Wadham family were slain within three weeks. When Deacon Adams went over to break the news of the death of one of them, he was on his way back to the village, when he was told that another had fallen.—MRS. ABBY J. HUBBARD.

Such funerals as we had in those days! I shall never forget them. I had the stage line then, and (will you believe it?) when the war was over, I brought up from the Naugatuck station all that were left from a company that went from this town. I carried them all up in one stage drawn by four horses.—GEORGE KENNEY.

June 4.

During the summer of 1720, the first settlers arrived. Captain Jacob Griswold of Windsor, John Peck of Hartford, and Ezekiel Buck of

Wethersfield, brought their families here, built log houses on their home lots, and moved into them.

June 5.

“Mother, I don’t want to go to school.”

“You don’t wish to grow up a dunce, do you, Henry?”

“Yes, marm.”

“What? Grow up like a poor, ignorant child, go out to service, and live without knowing anything?”

“Yes, marm.”

“Well, suppose you begin now. I’ll put an apron on you, and you shall stay at home and do housework. How would you like that?”

“Oh, do, Ma !”

Sure enough, we were permitted to stay away from school, provided we would “do housework”; and all summer long our hands set the table, washed dishes, swept up crumbs, dusted chairs, scoured knives; our feet ran of errands, besides the usual complement of chores in the barn.—HENRY WARD BEECHER: *Star Papers*.

June 6.

Col. Matthew Lyon, who figured in public life in the early part of this century, having been congressman from Vermont and afterwards from Kentucky, is remembered here as a friendless Irish lad who was sold, to pay his passage, to Hugh Hannah. After an alterca-

tion with his master, he ran away from him. Years after Hannah attributed Lyon's success to the corporeal lessons which he had given him. Kilbourne, who tells the story, says that the price paid for the boy was a pair of stags valued at £12.

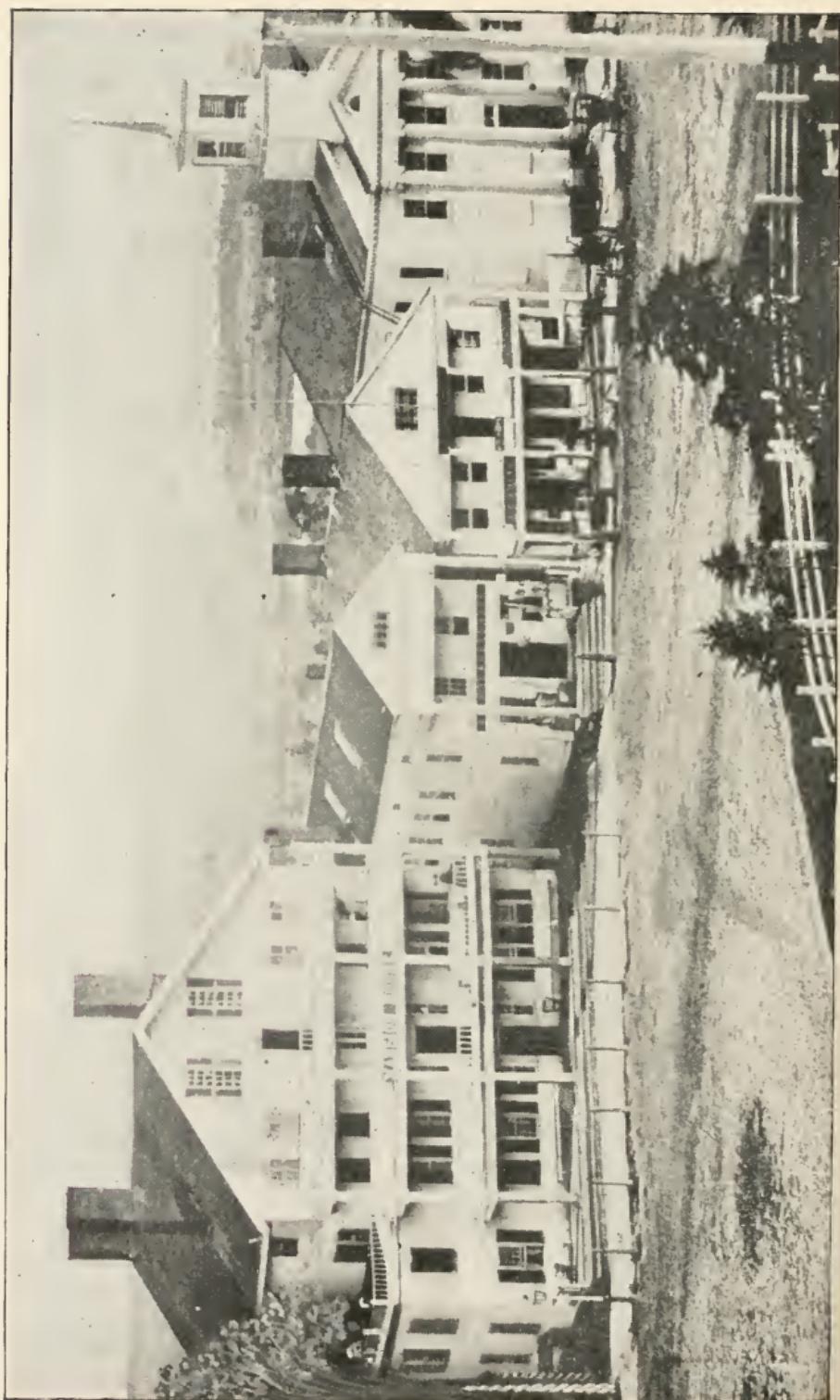
June 7.

1797—The *Monitor* contains the following advertisement, prefaced with a rude cut of a man going along the highway with a stick and bundle slung over his shoulder :

“ RAN away from the subscriber, about the 13th instant, a mulatto servant JEP 21 years old, about fyfe feet 7 or 8 inches high, understands the trade of a BLOOMER, will probably seek emploment in that businefs. All Perfons are forbid harboring, employing, or dealing with faid JEP upon the penalty of the Law.—DAVID WELCH.”

June 8.

On a sultry morning in June, John Davies, Jr., started for church on horseback with his wife behind him on a pillion, when a shower arose. Near Bradleyville there came a blinding flash, accompanied by a terrific peal of thunder which brought a scream from the lady, to which her husband replied, “ Keep quiet, Molly, we are four miles nearer the burying ground than when we left home.”—S. : *Enquirer*, November, 1895.



June 9.

In Litchfield, when I saw a thunder-storm coming up, I used to run into the house and ask my mother to let me put on my old clothes and go out into the rain ; for nothing was so grand to me as being out in the tempest, and seeing the elms swayed and the long drought broken by the coming on of the storm. I exulted ; and though the birds were all gone, I was there to sing.—HENRY WARD BEECHER : *Lectures on Preaching*.

June 10.

1773.—Roger Skinner, born. He became prominent in public life in the state of New York, and was for some years judge of the United States District Court.

June 11.

1886.—Fire breaks out at a little past one in the morning. The Court House and Mansion House are destroyed, and all buildings from Dr. Beckwith's residence on South street, to a brick building thirty feet west of the Court House on West street. “The rapidly burning mass of wooden buildings, with the Mansion House towering up in the center, and the Court House on the right, the air full of flame and cinders (one of the latter was found six miles away at the foot of the lake), made a splendid if terrific picture.”—*Enquirer*.

June 12.

There are only two or three things required for a good stone wall. It must be made so that chipmonks can run in and out, easily ; it must have woodbine enough in spots ; it must have a deal of mosses growing on it ; and it must be broad enough on the top for one to walk on. I know of nothing else which a good wall requires.—H. W. BEECHER : *Eyes and Ears.*

June 13.

1781.—The first meeting of St. Paul's Masonic Lodge held, Rev. Ashbel Baldwin presiding as master.

June 14.

1811.—Harriet Beecher, born. Her home was here until her father was called to Hanover Street Church, Boston, in 1826.

Mrs. Stowe loved Litchfield. Her best book for reading in this town is *Poganuc People*,—photographic in its accurate delineation of the Litchfield she knew, and touched with the skill of a great literary artist. In sending a presentation copy to Oliver Wendell Holmes, she wrote : “It is an extremely quiet story for these sensational days, when heaven and earth seemed to be racked for a thrill ; but as I get old, I do love to think of those quiet, simple times, when there was not a poor person in the parish, and the changing glories of the year were the only spectacle.”

Mrs. Storrs O. Seymour, who was a personal friend of Mrs. Stowe in her later years, used occasionally to send her flowers from her mother's grave or from the garden of Judge Reeve's house, where Lyman Beecher doubtless called on June 14, 1811, to tell his friend of the birth of his daughter.

June 15.

Mrs. Storrs O. Seymour, while residing in Hartford, frequently saw Mrs. Stowe. After a visit from her in the winter of 1889, she made the following memorandum, which now appears in print for the first time :

"I once showed Mrs. Stowe a copy of her autobiography which had been given me, and she was much interested in looking over the pictures with me. 'My portrait,' she said (the first one in the book), 'was taken by a Mr. Richmond; he used to talk to me and keep me laughing; I suppose so I should have a pleasant expression.' Of her father's, she said: 'That is my dear father; that looks as he used to, when he came into the room where we children were all frolicking; he would stop and look at us with that pleasant, amused expression on his face.'

"Her sister Catharine's, she said, 'was like her, only it looked cross, and she was not cross.' Of her brother, Henry Ward's, she exclaimed, 'Oh! there is Henry! that looks

just as he used when he went into his pulpit, as much as to say, 'here I am! perfectly fearless! I am going to say just what I think right, no matter what anyone says about it.'

"Of her mother she spoke very tenderly and beautifully, and of her husband also.

"She told me about each of the houses she had lived in, and with very great feeling of the old home in Cincinnati.

"When I opened at the last picture of herself, she said: 'I like that better than any I ever had taken; they used to make such dreadful pictures of me,' and then went on to tell me of a gentleman who, when introduced to her, said: 'Why, Mrs. Stowe, is it possible this is you? You are quite a good looking woman; all the portraits I ever saw of you made you out dreadfully homely.'"

June 16.

1823.—It was about the middle of June that my father and I drove up to Grove Catlin's tavern on the Green. One of the first objects which struck my eyes was interesting and picturesque. This was the long procession of school girls coming down North street, walking under the lofty elms, and moving to the music of a flute and flageolet. The girls were gaily dressed and evidently enjoying their evening parade, in this most balmy season of

the year. It was the school of Miss Sally Pierce.—E. D. MANSFIELD: *Personal Memories.*

June 17.

Miss Sarah Pierce opened a school in this town, for the instruction of females, in the year 1792, which has justly merited and acquired a distinguished reputation.—*Morris' Statistical Account.*

This school was doubly famous, both for its teachers and for its students. Sally and Mary Pierce and John P. Brace were pioneers in the field of higher education for women. Besides the Beecher children, there were many other pupils whose names are well known. In the long list, we note the names of Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, Mrs. Cyrus W. Field, Mrs. McCullough, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mrs. Bliss, and Mrs. Van Lennep, the missionaries.

June 18.

Boys have nothing to do but to set each other on to mischief. They pull off buds from the unblossomed rose bushes; they pick cucumbers by the half-bushel that were to have been let alone; they break down rare shrubbery to get whips, and instead get whippings; they kill the guinea-pigs; chase the chickens; break up hens' nests; get into the carriages and wagons only to tumble out, and set all the nurses a-running; they study every

means of getting under the horse's feet, and, as of the more dangerous act they are fond of tickling their hind legs and pulling at their tails; they fill the already fed horses with extra oats, causing the hostler to fear for his charge's health, since he refuses oats at the next regular feeding; they paddle in all the mud on the premises; sit down in the street and fill their pockets with dirt; they wet their clothes in the brook, tear them in the woods; lose their caps a dozen times a day, and go bare-headed in the blazing sun; they cut up every imaginable prank with their long-suffering nurses when meals are served, or when bedtime comes, or when morning brings the washing and dressing. They are little, nimble, compact skinfuls of ingenious, fertile, endless, untiring mischief. They stub their toes, or cut their fingers, or get stung, or eat some poisonous berry, seed, or root, or make us think that they have, which is just as bad; they fall down stairs, or eat green fruit till they are as tight as a drum, and yet there is no peace to us without them, as there certainly is none with them.

— HENRY WARD BEECHER : *Star Papers.*

June 19.

1809.—Lewis B. Woodruff, born. He was one of the most distinguished jurists Litchfield has produced. His long judicial career in the city and state courts of New York culminated

when President Grant appointed him federal judge for the Southern District of New York. The bar and the press received the news of his appointment with marked enthusiasm, and when he had finished his life-work, a few years later, even so irresponsible a paper as the *New York Post* said, "It would be difficult to find a better representative of his class than Lewis B. Woodruff, late United States circuit judge."

1826.—Charles Loring Brace, born. It is a singular coincidence that two of New York's foremost citizens of recent years should have been born on the same day of the month, in a quiet New England town.

June 20.

1826.—The *Litchfield County Post* issued its first number. During the editorship of Henry Adams, a few years later, it received the name by which it is now known, *The Litchfield Enquirer*. It is the oldest paper in the county.

1864.—This was the most intolerable position the regiment was ever required to hold [in the entrenchments before Petersburg]. We had seen a deadlier spot at Cold Harbor, and others awaited us in the future; but they were agonies that did not last. Here, however, we had to *stay*, hour after hour, from before dawn until after dark, and that, too, where we could not move a rod without extreme danger. . . . Do you like to drink warm water? Then enlist

in the next war and stay twelve hours in a hole in the ground, without shelter from the fierceness of a Virginia sun in June, with bullets passing two feet above your head, with dead bodies broiling all around you, and with two tin canteens of muddy water.—T. F. VAILL: *History of the Second Connecticut.*

June 21.

Charles Loring Brace's curiosity on subjects of history was insatiable, until his questions and his father's elaborate replies became a torment to the young ladies of the school. When finally the child selected the dinner hour to propound his queries, and their teacher laid down his carving knife and fork, and the roast grew cold, the pupils after suffering thus silently and hungry on several occasions, rebelled. Charles was threatened. If he did not stay away with his questions, he should be kissed. Dreading this terror, after the manner of small boys, he desisted.—*Life and Letters.*

June 22.

In Kilbourne's Biographical Notes, Charles Loring Brace is mentioned as a literary man who has written some pleasing volumes of European travel. "He is now secretary of the Children's Aid Society in the city of New York." It was there that Mr. Brace accomplished his life work. In the annals of Ameri-

can philanthropy, no name stands higher. He was pre-eminent both in practical achievement and in a wise understanding of all that pertains to the field of philanthropy. His *Gesta Christi* is a book that has received world-wide recognition.

June 23.

1790.—Freeborn Garrettson, accompanied by his colored servant Harry, enters Litchfield. They preached the first Methodist sermons delivered here. “I found freedom in preaching from ‘Enoch walked with God.’” The sermon was delivered in St. Michael’s church before a large congregation. Garrettson left Harry to preach another sermon, and went on to the center of the town; the bell rang, and he preached to a few in the Presbyterian meeting-house, and lodged with a kind churchman.

During his visit, “I preached,” he says, “in the skirts of the town, where I was opposed by —, who made a great disturbance. I told him the enemy had sent him to pick up the good seed, turned my back on him, and went my way accompanied by brothers W. and H. I found another waiting company in another part of the town, to whom I declared, ‘Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.’ In this town we have given the devil and the wicked much trouble; we have a few good friends.”—*STEVENS: Memorials of Methodism.*

It is pleasant to remember that the Episco-

pal and Congregational churches were open to the early itinerant. His colaborers did not fare so well generally. Jesse Lee, the founder of Connecticut Methodism, preached his first sermon in Norwalk. After trying in vain to secure a private house for service, he asked permission to preach in an orchard. The lady owning it objected on the plea that the people would tramp down the grass. He preached on the highway, and the common people heard him gladly.

June 24.

1813.—Henry Ward Beecher, born.

On one occasion Mr. Beecher was introduced to an English audience as the son of the distinguished Dr. Beecher. To those of us who have the Litchfield perspective he is always that. We are not unmindful of the later fame that came to him and to his sister Harriet, but to us they are the children at the parsonage ; and as we pass by Prospect street they seem even yet to be playing on the lawn.

June 25.

Oh, there is not a place in the old Litchfield house where I was born that is not dear to my eyes ! I go back there sometimes ; and the last time I went I chose not to go in the glare of day, they had so changed the place. But I stood at twilight when just enough darkness had come down to hide the changes, and yet



THE BEECHER HOUSE.

Recent Photograph.

there was light enough to throw up above the horizon and against the sky the substance and form of the old house. It was full to my thought of my father and my mother, of my sisters and brothers. My heart blessed the old house for all that it had had in it; for all the care it had had; for all its sweet associations. It was stained through with soul color. It was full, as it were, with the blood of life.—HENRY WARD BEECHER: *Lectures on Preaching*.

June 26.

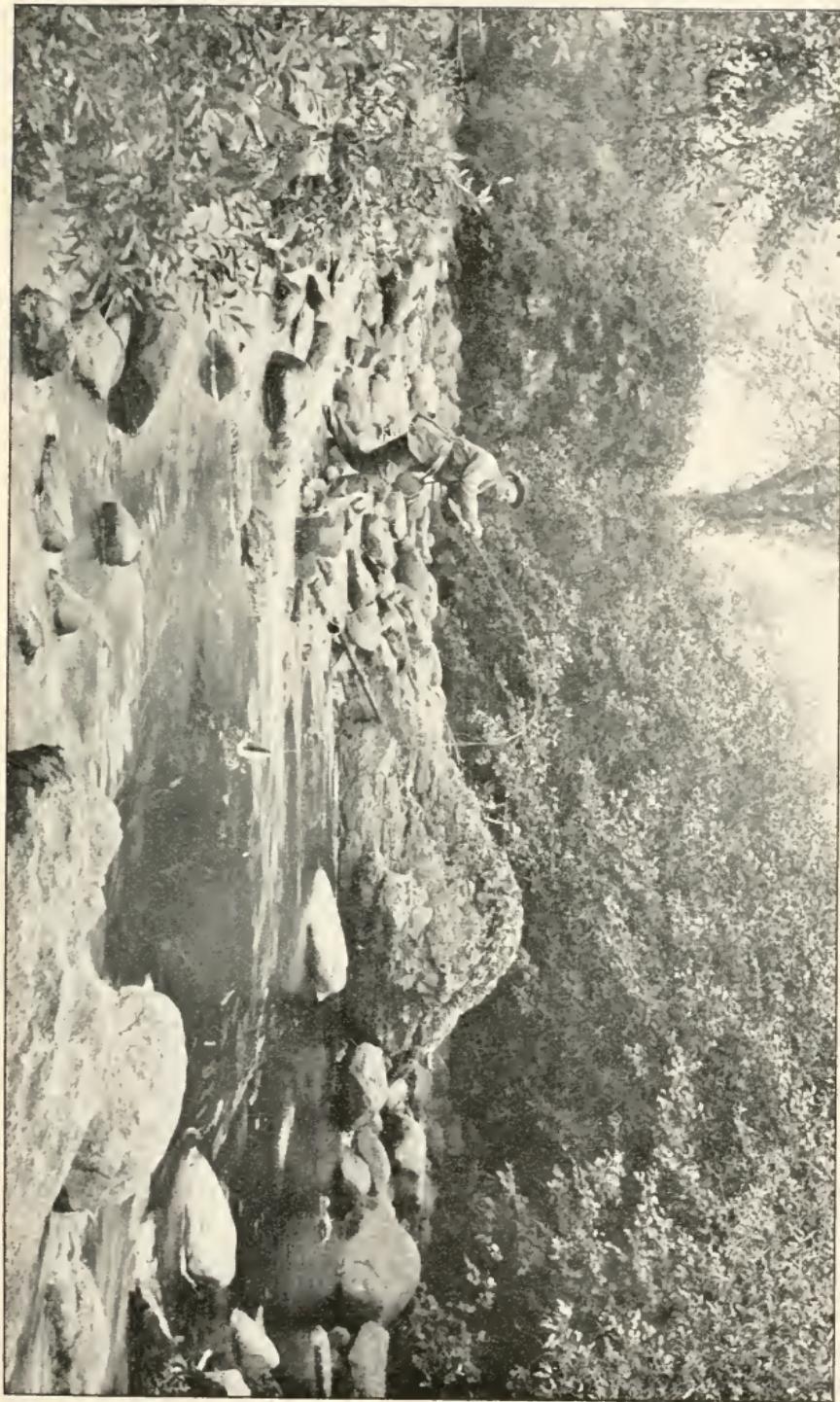
1819.—About this time Henry Ward Beecher went a-fishing. He tells of it in *Eyes and Ears*: “A bare-footed boy might have been seen on a June afternoon with his alder-pole on his shoulder, tripping through the meadow where dandelions and wild geraniums were in bloom, and steering for the old saw-mill. As soon as the meadow was crossed, the fence scaled, and a descent begun, all familiar objects were gone, and an overpowering consciousness of being *alone* set one’s imagination into a dance of fear. Could we find our way back? What if a big bull should come out of those bushes? What if a great big man should come along and carry us off?

“But no sooner did we see the sparkle of the water than our soul grew calm and happy again.

“Now, for the first time in our lives, we put

on a worm. We threw in the hook, and trembled all over with excitement !

“The hook and bait fell upon the wrinkled water, went quietly down the stream, and swept in near the shore, where some projecting stone roofed over a little pool. Out of that pool our little eyes saw something dart, and our little hands, all a-tremble, felt something pull. In an instant, with a spasm of energy, we drew back the line ; there was a flash in the air,—a wriggling flash,—and something smote the rocky, gravelly bank behind. Scrambling up we found a *shiner* ; but alas ! smashed to pieces. Soon another and another fared in like manner, and it was long before we could subdue our nerves so as not to dash the fish to pieces. Our courage grew every moment. What did *we* care if there was a bull in the bushes ! What if a beggar man *should* come along ! What if a great black dog should—but that thought was a little too serious. Black dogs were terrors not to be lightly thought of, even by a six-year-old urchin who had caught fish—alone, too ! And so gathering up two *roach* and three *shiners*, we started home. Up the sloping hill we ran, till our father’s house shone out from among the trees ; and then, with the dignity and nonchalance of a conqueror, we prepared to make a triumphal entrance. Since then we have fished in many a stream and lake, and in the deep sea, but



never with half the exhilaration of that first joyful hour on the Bantam."

June 27.

1858. Henry N. Hudson became rector of St. Michael's church. Mr. Hudson is remembered as a man of fine literary tastes, who had made something of a study of Shakespeare. He became one of the foremost American editors that the great dramatist has had.

As a preacher, Mr. Hudson had some grotesque mannerisms. He would hurl out a statement, and then would stand watching his audience to see its effect, but with a peculiar facial contortion that had to be seen to be appreciated.

June 28.

A child that has not ridden up from the meadow to the barn on a load of hay has yet to learn one of the luxuries of exultant childhood. What care they for jolts, when the whole load is a vast and multiplex spring? The more the wagon jounces, the better they like it! Then come the bars leading into the lane with maple trees on either side. The limbs reach down and the green leaves kiss the children over and over again; so would I, if I were a green leaf, and not consider myself so green after all!—
HENRY WARD BEECHER: *Fruits, Flowers, and Farming.*

June 29.

I remember hearing father say with a sorrowful countenance, as if announcing the death of some one very interesting to him, "My dear, Byron is dead,—*gone*." After being a while silent, he said. "Oh, I'm sorry Byron is dead. I did hope he would live to do something for Christ. What a harp he might have swept!" The whole impression made upon me by the conversation was solemn and painful.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

June 30.

One very hot day in summer, and in the afternoon, I was in church, and Dr. Beecher was going on in a sensible, but rather prosy, half sermon, when all at once he seemed to recollect that we had just heard of the death of Lord Byron. He was an admirer of Byron's poetry, as all who admire genius must be. He raised his spectacles and began with an account of Byron, his genius, wonderful gifts, and then went on to his want of virtue and his want of true religion, and finally described a lost soul, and the spirit of Byron going off, wandering in the blackness of darkness forever! It struck me as with an electric shock, and left an imperishable memory.—E. D. MANSFIELD: *Personal Memories*.

July 1.

With the Fourth of July so near at hand, our thoughts naturally go out to Judah Champion and to Oliver Wolcott. Like Isaiah and Hezekiah, our own prophet and statesman stood side by side in a time of stress and storm. While the parson's well-known prayer sounds a little too much like the imprecatory psalms to suit this Christian dispensation, we may be certain that the Lord knew that it came out of the heart of as true a patriot as America had. The prayer was delivered in the meeting-house which stood where the soldier's monument now stands. In the audience were Col. Tallmadge and his cavalry regiment, for they were spending a Sabbath in the village while on their way to the front. But enough,—here is the prayer:

“O Lord, we view with terror the approach of the enemies of thy holy religion. Wilt thou send storm and tempest to toss them upon the sea and to overwhelm them upon the mighty deep, or to scatter them to the uttermost parts of the earth. But, peradventure, should any escape thy vengeance, collect them together again, O Lord, as in the hollow of thy hand,

and let thy lightnings play upon them ! We beseech thee, moreover, that thou do gird up the loins of these thy servants who are going forth to fight thy battles. Make them strong men, ‘ that one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight.’ Hold before them the shield with which thou wast wont in the old time to protect thy chosen people. Give them swift feet, that they may pursue their enemies, and swords terrible as that of thy Destroying Angel, that they may cleave them down when they have overtaken them. Preserve these saints of thine, Almighty God, and bring them once more to their homes and friends, if thou canst do it consistently with thine high purposes. If, on the other hand, thou hast decreed that they shall die in battle, let thy spirit be with them and breathe upon them, that they may go up as a sweet sacrifice into the courts of thy temple, where are habitations prepared for them from the foundations of the world.”

July 2.

There is another prayer of Father Champion’s, not so much of a classic as the one just quoted, but still worthy of remembrance. The parson was an ardent Federalist. He received the news of John Adams’s election to the presidency with delight, but it was very hard to learn that Thomas Jefferson, that arch-Republican (to use the old phraseology), was vice-president.

When Sunday came he prayed fervently for the president, and then added, "And, O Lord! will thou bestow upon the vice-president a double portion of thy grace, *for thou knowest he needs it!*"

July 3.

This is the day when firecrackers are bought, and when, for these many years, preparations are made for the great bonfire at the Center. As it is a long wait till midnight, we may beguile the time with a story. Captain Alva Stone, a Civil War veteran whom everyone loves, told it to me in his inimitable way. As I write, I see again his keen, bright eyes, and note his eloquent cane giving emphasis to what he said.

"There was one night when the 'Glorious Fourth' was ushered in with a roar and racket that I can hear yet. The first stroke of the clock had scarce made itself heard, when the church bells rang out, guns were fired, firecrackers went off by the pack,— and mingled and jumbled with all this noise were blasts from tin horns, and shouts from enthusiastic 'Young America.'

"I had had a broken sleep during the earlier hours, but now I was wide awake. The first fifteen minutes I rather enjoyed the fun, then I wished for quiet; at the end of half an hour I grew a little impatient. Was this outlandish din to go on forever? Then I got downright

mad, and vowed that if I could ever get hold of the young fellows ringing those church bells, I would give them a flogging. By and by this feeling wore itself away, and I was lost in admiration of their indomitable persistence.

“In the morning, as I was on my way up town, I hailed the first boy I met, and said, ‘My boy, did you have a hand in that bell-ringing?’ ‘Yes,’ said he. ‘Well,’ said I, ‘I admire your pluck and endurance. Take this!—and thrusting my hand into my pocket, I gave him all the loose change I had.’”

July 4.

1753.—Judah Champion is ordained pastor of the Congregational church and continues in that relation for fifty-seven years, having the assistance of a colleague during the last eleven years.

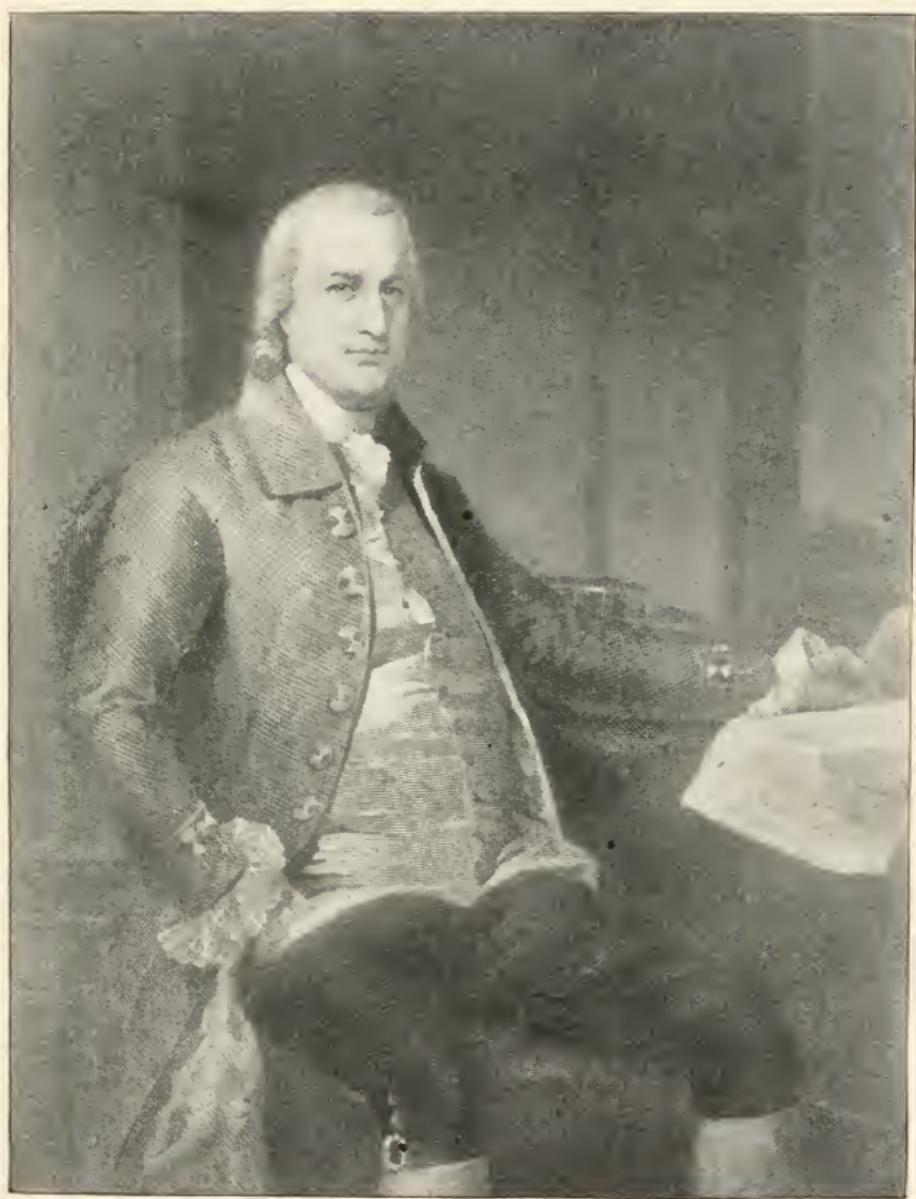
Thy Reverend Champion,—champion of the truth ;
I see him yet, as in my early youth ;
His outward man was rather short than tall,
His wig was ample, though his frame was small,
Active was his step and cheerful was his air,
And oh how free and fluent was his prayer !

— JOHN PIERPONT : *Litchfield County Centennial.*

1776.—Oliver Wolcott signs the Declaration of Independence.

Bold Wolcott urged the all important cause,
With steady hand the solemn scene he draws ;
Undaunted firmness with his wisdom joined,
Nor kings, nor worlds could warp his steadfast mind.

— JOEL BARLOW : *Vision of Columbus.*



OLIVER WOLCOTT.

Oliver Wolcott was appointed first sheriff of this county in 1751. For forty-six years he was continuously in public life, and died while Governor of Connecticut. During the Revolution, as member of Congress, and as a general in the army, he rendered indefatigable service to the Patriot cause.

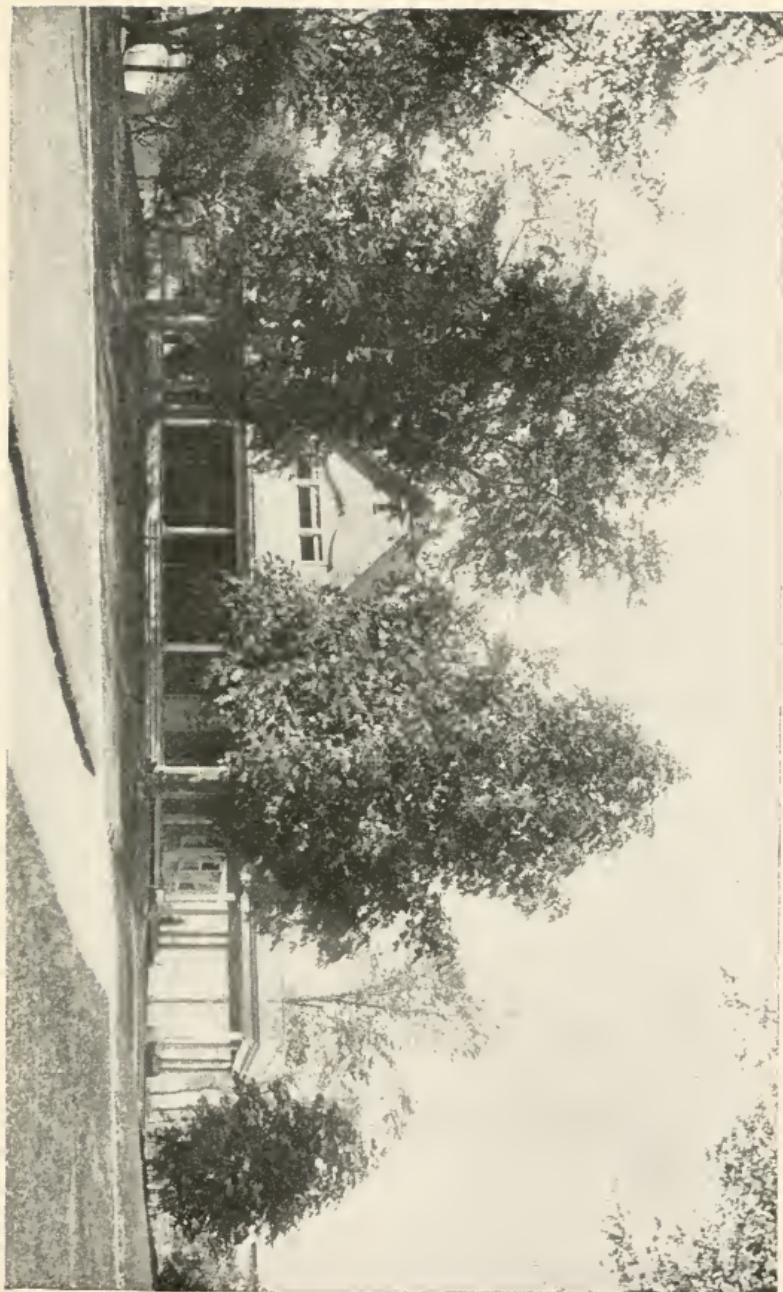
1826.—The semi-centennial of the Declaration of Independence was elaborately celebrated. At the Congregational church the Declaration “was read by T. Smith, Esq., in a manner well worthy of that most eloquent and interesting document.” J. P. Brace was the orator of the occasion. The citizens then went to the banquet at the Court House. The list of toasts was interminable. *The Cause of the Greeks* was drunk in silence, and the *Patriots of the South American Republics* were not forgotten. At last the citizens retired, and the “gentlemen of the Law Office” had eight more toasts. Six Southerners spoke. The last sentiment responded to in this New England town was: “The enemies of John C. Calhoun; may they be lathered with aqua fortis and shaved with a hand-saw!”

1876.—At the Centennial Celebration in Litchfield, the Declaration was read, as in 1826, by Truman Smith, who had meantime been senator from Connecticut. The Historical Address, a model of accuracy and compactness was delivered by George C. Woodruff.

1893.—The Casino is formally opened. Alexander McNeill was the first to suggest the building of this fine club house. Back of the building are ample grounds for tennis and golf. Votaries of the latter game will also find links on the slope of East Hill. Were “Penelope,”—to whom Kate Douglas Wiggin has introduced us,—making her progress through East street or West street of a summer morning, she might think she were in a town in the highlands of Scotland.

July 5.

1784.—My dear Eliza: You want to know what we are about on this Western Hill. Since you will not be so good as to come and see, I will tell you that our sister Laura is thinking and dreaming of her Beloved. As my soul was not made to be puffed away in sighs, I spend many an hour of *clear comfort* in the Grove, the Bower, and my Chamber. At this delightful season when all nature is singing, I think it best to dismiss all our cares, and give them a parole till sullen Winter returns, when we can think of nothing else; and I believe after all, Eliza, there are few of us that have not our pensive moments,—and at every season. For myself, I will confess that I have often at this very summer retired to the brink of a purling stream, and thought how convenient a place it was for a despairing lover to end his



THE CASINO.

days! I have recommended it to two or three, but they are not yet far enough gone to take the leap.—MARIANN WOLCOTT: *Letter to Miss Stoughton (Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, Jr.).*

July 6.

Were we writing a formal history, large space would be given to Seth P. Beers. A native of Woodbury, for over fifty years he was a leading citizen here. His career culminated in his appointment as sole School Commissioner of the State. For nearly a quarter of a century he administered the school fund with such ability that Connecticut still owes his memory a debt of gratitude.

He was a self-made man, and, mindful of his own early struggles, aided and encouraged many young men here and elsewhere to a successful career. Prof. Beers of Yale is his grandson.

July 7.

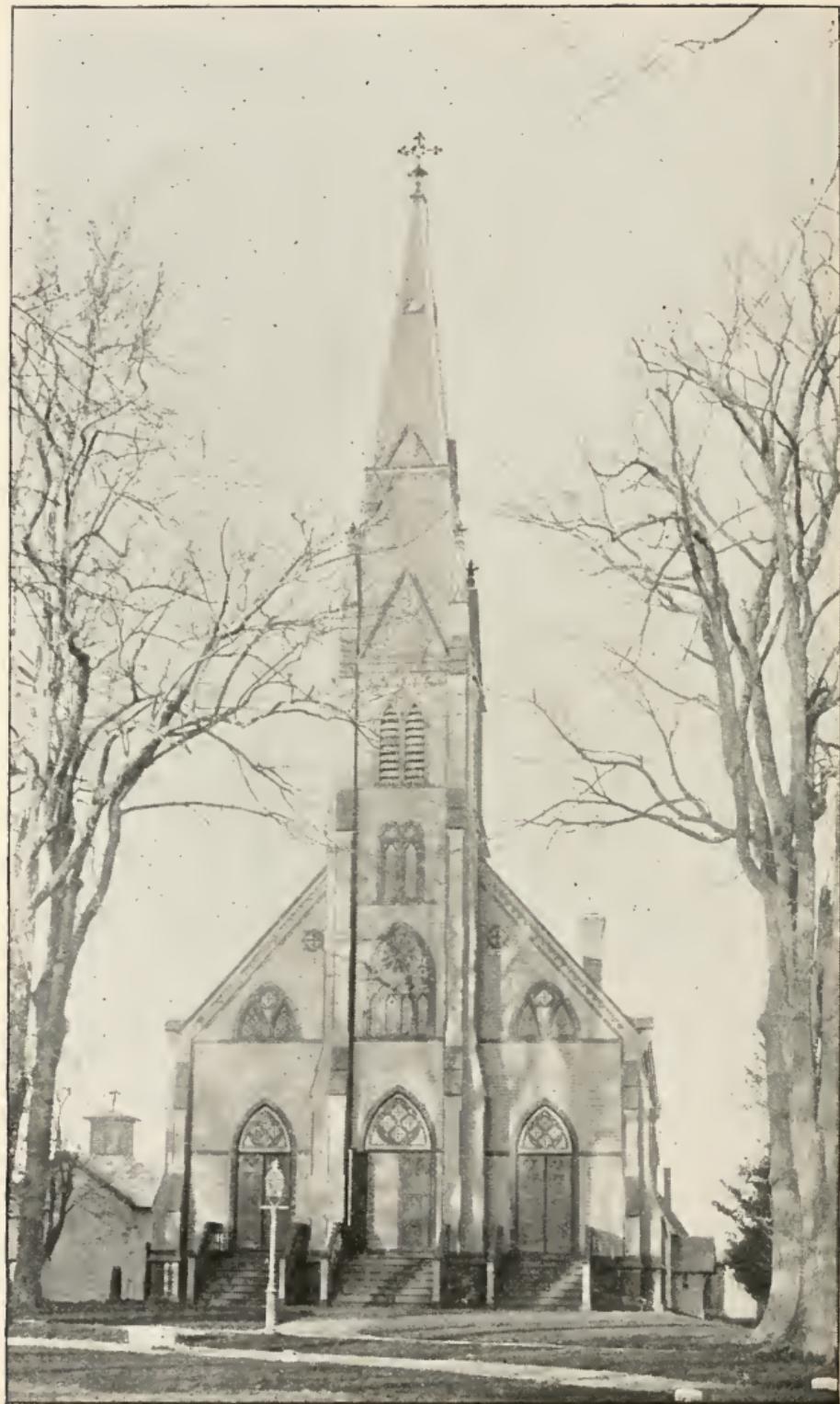
As we pass by St. Anthony's Roman Catholic church we are not thinking of the mediaeval saint gone to his reward near eight hundred years ago, but our imagination calls up the picture of a Litchfield woman, Miss Julia Beers, the real founder of this strong parish church.

She was the daughter of Seth P. Beers. While at John P. Brace's school in Hartford she met James R. Bayley, a gifted young student at Trinity. Those who knew them

both well, believe that they were engaged to be married. Bayley subsequently studied under Dr. Jarvis at Middletown, but instead of becoming a clergyman in the Protestant Episcopal church entered the Roman Catholic priesthood. To-day he is remembered as an archbishop.

Nine years passed away, then Miss Beers was baptized a Roman Catholic by the friend of her school days. She lived for a time at the Convent of Mercy in New York. But the rigors of the religious life proved too much for her constitution. After a trip abroad she returned to Litchfield. Through her instrumentality the fine location on South street was secured for her church. The *Catholic Transcript* has reason enough to pay her a noble tribute. We quote one of its paragraphs :

“ It was she who cared for the altar, for the instruction of the children whom she tenderly loved, and for the guidance and encouragement of the whole congregation ; for when, as often happened in those days of difficult travel, the priest did not arrive at the hour expected, she would gather the waiting people upon their knees, and lead them in the rosary and other devotions. On those Sundays when there was no mass, the people met at her house where she gave instructions to the children, after which all joined in the rosary. This was to her a work of love, and was continued with ardor while she remained in Litchfield.”



ST. ANTHONY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

She was not disinherited by her father, though it is true that her portion of the estate was held in trust for her during her lifetime.

After the death of her parents, she went to Rome, where she died, and is buried.

July 8.

1888.—St. Anthony's Roman Catholic church is dedicated by Bishop McMahon. Rev. T. R. Sweeney was parish priest at the time. He has been succeeded by Rev. P. H. Finnegan and Rev. P. M. Skelley. Would that Father Smith, who used to come all the way from Albany forty years before to administer the mass to the few scattered Roman Catholics, could have been present on this eventful day! And James Morris, Jr., too, our old-time historian, with the pen of a ready writer! He would have had to revise his famous *Statistics* a bit, for this is what he wrote not far from 1815:

“Only two European families have settled in Litchfield; they came from Ireland and were respectable.”

July 9.

1776.—The leaden statue of King George III. at Bowling Green, New York, is pulled down by the Sons of Liberty. It was subsequently broken up and sent to General Wolcott. Ebenezer Hazard, who wrote about this time to General Gates, was right in his conjecture that

the redcoats "would have melted majesty fired at them."

July 10.

Just when the King George statue arrived in Litchfield we do not know, but when it did come, this was what was done with it: "Frederick Wolcott, who was a boy at the time, informed me a few years ago that he well remembered the circumstance of the statue being sent there, and that a shed was erected for the occasion in an apple orchard adjoining the house, where his father chopped it up with the wood axe, and the 'girls' had a frolic in running the bullets and making them up into cartridges."—GEORGE C. WOODRUFF: *History of Litchfield*.

A memorandum in General Wolcott's handwriting states that 42,088 cartridges were made.

July 11.

As New York city was in the hands of the British during most of the Revolution, New England's line of communication with the American army in the Middle States lay through Litchfield and the Hudson river posts. This place naturally became an important depot for military supplies. One storehouse was at the head of North street, another on the site of the present Court House. A workshop for the army stood on East street, just west of the cemetery. The old jail which



stood on East street, about where the school-house stands, is where Governor Franklin was confined.

July 12.

1814.—“DEAR SISTER,—I arrived Saturday at sunset, and found all well, and boy (Henry Ward) in merry trim, glad at heart to be safe on terra firma after all his jolts and tossings. I left my goggles in the paper box for combs, on the toilet table where I slept the first night, the night we turned everything topsy-turvy to make room for the influx of company. . . . Pray save me some pink seed of your double pink, and lay me down some honeysuckle of all sorts that you have, and save me a striped rose. I have never seen one. Good night.—
ROXANA BEECHER: *Letter to Harriet Foote.*

July 13.

Hiel Jones, in virtue of his place on the high seat of the daily stage that drove through Poganic Center on the Boston turnpike, felt himself invested with a sort of grandeur as occupying a predominant position in society from whence he could look down on all its movements and interests. Every housekeeper charged him with her bundle, or commissioned him with her errand. Bright-eyed damsels smiled at him from their windows as he drove up to house doors, and of all that was going on in Poganic Center or any of the villages for

twenty miles around, Hiel considered himself as a competent judge or critic.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE: *Poganuc People*.

July 14.

Hiram Barnes, whose home was a little house by South Bridge, was a typical, jolly stage-driver whom Mrs. Stowe has no more over-drawn in her "Hiel Jones" of "Poganuc People" than she has his wife, "Nabby Higgins," who is a composite character depicting in part the dear old bright-eyed Aunt Emily Addis of our early recollection, and, in part, her sister Sally, who became Hiram's wife.—ESTHER H. THOMPSON: *Enquirer*.

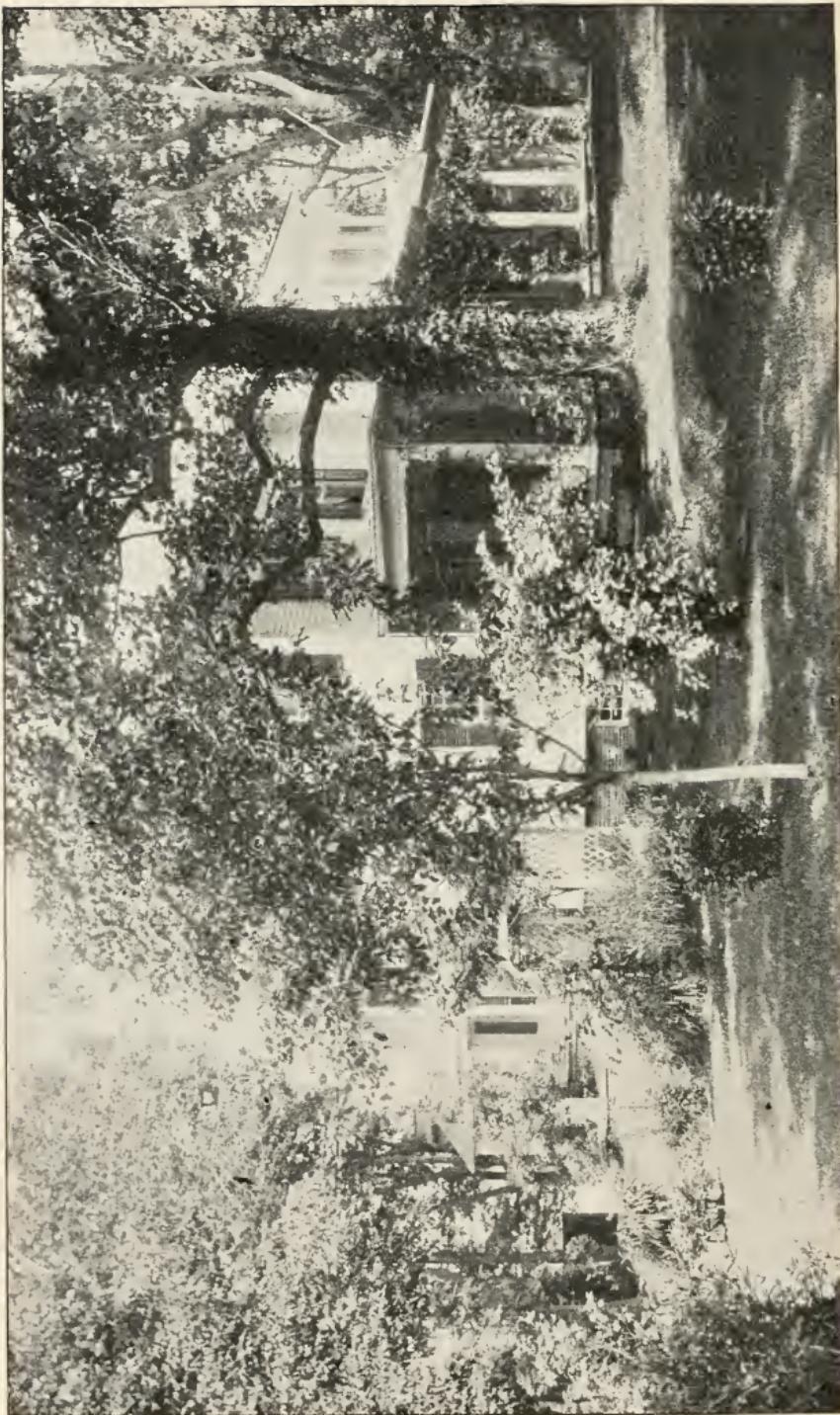
July 15.

1829.—The Congregational Church dedicates its third house of worship. This is the present Armory Hall. On the same day, Laurens P. Hickok was ordained pastor. His ministry here was most fruitful. Many aged persons look back with affection and respect to him.

Dr. Hickok subsequently became widely known as an educator, and the author of books in the realm of ethics and psychology.

July 16.

How well I remember Judge Reeve's house, wide, roomy, and cheerful. It used to be the Eden of our childish imagination. I remember



THE REEVE-WOODRUFF HOUSE

the great old-fashioned garden, with broad alleys set with all sorts of stately bunches of flowers. It used to be my reward, when I had been good, to spend a Saturday afternoon there, and walk up and down among the flowers, and pick currants off the bushes.

—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

July 17.

In after years, wherever Lyman Beecher went, those families he was accustomed oftenest to visit on terms of closest intimacy, he was wont to call his "Judge Reeve places."—CHARLES BEECHER.

July 18.

Judge Reeve's house was built in 1773. How many illustrious memories gather about the home of the founder of the first law school in America! There are other places that are holy ground than those over which a bishop has read words of consecration. Here is one of them. While this house stands it bears witness to a life that was lived on the heights. We may smile at the Judge's absent-mindedness, but should we forget to revere his memory, the very stones of the town would cry out against us.

This house was the home, too, of Sally Burr, and of her cousin Amelia Ogden, and of Elizabeth Thompson. Here Aaron Burr and Theodosia Provost and Lafayette were entertained.

And, in recent years, an added interest has been given to the house from the fact that it was the summer home of Judge Woodruff of the United States Circuit Court. Here he lived, a worthy successor of the great and good judge before him ; here, too, in a like faith, he passed away.

July 19.

1825.—I thought last evening our street presented the most solemn scene I had ever witnessed. I left the house of a dying saint (Mrs. S.) about nine o'clock. Many persons were hanging about the doors and yard in perfect stillness. I crossed the street and stepped softly into the anxious meeting, where a hundred poor sinners were all on their knees before God, and your father was in the midst, pleading with strong cries and tears for the mercy of God. Around the doors were a number of people, solemn as death. I could not but say, "How awful is this place ! This is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven."

— MRS. LYMAN BEECHER [HARRIET PORTER].

July 20.

This town was originally among the number of those decidedly opposed to the movements of former revivalists [at the time of the Great Awakening], and went so far in a regular church meeting called expressly for the purpose under the ministry of the venerable Mr.

Collins, as to let them know, by a unanimous vote, that they did not wish to see them. The effect was they did not come. The report circulated that Litchfield "had voted Christ out of their borders." It was noticed by some of the older people that the death of the last person then a member of the church was a short time before the commencement of our revival.—REV. DAN HUNTINGTON: *Kilbourne's History.*

July 21.

1861. Battle of Bull Run. Mrs. Hubbard informs me that when the news of this crushing defeat reached town, John H. Hubbard went into the yard where some men were painting the summer-house and told them to stop work. "This is no time to spend money for such improvements. The government needs every dollar now." That summer-house was not painted till after the war was over. Mr. Hubbard spent his money freely during the war in recruiting troops, and in assisting the families of soldiers at the front. He was congressman from 1863 to 1867. As he was an ardent Administration man, Lincoln liked and trusted him. As Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard on one occasion were attending a White House reception, Lincoln spied them over the heads of those nearer him, and called out heartily, "Why, here comes Old Connecticut!"

July 22.

1791. The Episcopal church was offered at Litchfield, and here I preached, with very little faith, on the love of Christ. I thought Morse's account of his countrymen is near the truth. Never have I seen any people who could talk so long and so constantly and so seriously about trifles.—*Francis Asbury's Journal.*

July 23.

Bishop Asbury, from whom we have just quoted, was the founder of American Methodism. In two respects he is not only unequalled, but unrivaled by anyone in the history of American Christianity. In arduousness of service who can compare with him? For forty-five years he traveled, mostly on horseback, over six thousand miles a year, and averaged one sermon a day. And what of tangible results? "When he commenced his labors in this country there were about six hundred members; when he fell it was victoriously at the head of two hundred and twelve thousand." That was in 1816. In 1864 Lincoln wrote: "The Methodist church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospital, more prayers to heaven than any other." Even here, in the home of the Beechers and Bushnell, the visit of that Apostolic man is a noteworthy event.

On that July day he preached in weariness

and discouragement, and then, mounting his horse in front of Old St. Michael's, he journeyed out of sight over the Litchfield hills.

July 24.

Until the Meadow Street Church was built in 1837, the early Methodists met in private houses and then in the Town Hall. In the great old-fashioned kitchens at Jacob Morse's, Sr., or at "Uncle Ben" Moore's, and at similar homes, they prayed and sang with such fervor, that local tradition has it, that when they met on Plumb Hill, they could be heard all the way to Town Hill. But, tradition aside, as we catch glimpses of their meetings through the gathering mist of the years, we may be sure that the voice of their supplications was heard on high, and that there the names of these men and women, now for the most part forgotten, are written out in full in the Lamb's Book of Life.

July 25.

1794.—William A. Bradley, born. He became postmaster and mayor of the city of Washington.

July 26.

1815.—Payne Kenyon Kilbourne, born. From 1845 to 1853 he was editor and proprietor of the *Enquirer*. In 1859, he published his "History of Litchfield," put in type by himself. Mrs. Hollister informs me that he also collabora-
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rated with Mr. Hollister in the latter's History of Connecticut, to the extent of furnishing much of the data for that work, and verifying many of its facts.

July 27.

1837.—The Methodist Episcopal Church dedicates its first house of worship, the building now used as a Masonic hall.

Jacob Morse, Sr., cut the timbers in his woods and contributed them, while the great old-fashioned latch and lock were the gift and handiwork of "Uncle Ben" Moore. Look at them, next time you go through Meadow street, for they are fitting memorial of a character that was as old-fashioned and solid as the lock. Stories of "Uncle Ben's" versatility still linger. Give him the opportunity, and he could conduct a prayer meeting for an hour unaided, and make it interesting, too. Singing, prayer, exposition of scriptures, exhortation,—through them all heaven's sunlight shone.

One who remembers him writes: "He was tall and erect, with steady blue eyes, long, straight hair, and solemn dignity of manners. In extreme old age, he was blind, and his thin, white hair, parted in the middle, fell to his shoulders."

July 28.

1721.—The first white male child is born in Litchfield, Gershom Gibbs by name. He be-

came a soldier in the Revolution, was taken prisoner at the downfall of Fort Washington, and died in captivity.

1819.—Leverette W. Wessells, born. He was sheriff of the county for twelve years, organized the Nineteenth Connecticut Volunteers, and was quartermaster-general during the administration of Gov. Andrews.

July 29.

1866.—George A. Hickox became editor of the *Enquirer*, which he conducted with marked ability for twenty-five years. His successors have been C. R. Duffie, Jr., and George C. Woodruff. No higher tribute could be paid to the present management than was given by G. W. Newcomb during the Arctic weather of February, 1899. “What are you doing in town to-night, are you here to summon a doctor?” “No, I’ve come to get the *Enquirer*!”

July 30.

A. B. Shumway has been connected with Litchfield journalism even longer than Hickox or Collier. He came here as foreman in 1859. The *Enquirer*, in its seventieth anniversary number, says of him: He “has served continuously in that position ever since, save for a gallant three-years record as an officer of the Nineteenth Connecticut, and for a brief period, 1865-’66, as business manager. The record of

Captain Shumway is an enviable one, and we believe that there is hardly a printer in the country that can equal, let alone surpass, it." He has had the satisfaction of being unofficially the dean of a school of journalism. Among others trained in this office, have been E. W. Addis, long an editor in the state of New York, Fred E. Ives, who has won fame and fortune in photo-engraving, and George C. Rowe, a leading colored man of the South, preacher, educator, and editor of the *Charleston Enquirer*.

July 31.

Litchfield journalism looks back to Thomas Collier as its founder. He established the *Monitor* in 1784, the same year the Law School was founded.

"No mines of coal, with its bitumen fat,
Sleep in thy breast — thy granites tell us that ;
Yet have thy laboring *Colliers* done their part.
Thy head to enlighten, and to warm thy heart.
Their Sibyl leaves upon the winds were thrown,
For others' benefit, if not their own."

— JOHN PIERPONT : *Litchfield County Centennial*

August 1.

1865.—Litchfield gives a rousing welcome to the soldiers returned from the war, about three hundred of whom were present. There was a procession and speech making, a parade of "phantastiques," and no end of decoration and illumination.

August 2.

Sometime in August, 1723, Joseph Harris was shot and scalped by the Indians. His body was found on the plain, since known as Harris Plain, not far from where the road turns to Milton.

August 3.

1893.—The Litchfield Historical Society is organized. It is to be hoped that the time will soon come when this organization will be adequately housed, for there are in the homes of this town many articles of rare historical interest which would be of tenfold more value if collected and arranged under the auspices of this society.

August 4.

I have prided myself not a little upon having excellent barns. . . . No wonder, then,

that I was somewhat taken aback a few months ago, when addressed by a tramp, who pointed to my largest and best barn, and asked what building it was. Upon being told that it was a barn, he replied, "Oh, I thought it was a poor-house. They have poorhouses just like it in the old country."— F. RATCHFORD STARR : *Farm Echoes*.

August 5.

I read and hear much that is absurd in regard to "points" in Jerseys, and long ago made up my mind that my schoolmaster was very remiss in not teaching me how to spell that simple word. I spell it "pints," and am fully convinced that the chief "point" of a cow is in the number of pints she yields.— F. RATCHFORD STARR : *Farm Echoes*.

August 6.

1873.— The present Congregational church is dedicated. Rev. Henry B. Elliott was acting pastor. His successors have been Rev. Allan McLean and Rev. Charles Symington, both of whom died at the same age, while in the service of the church.

"The two men finished their work in the strength of their years, and the church is left once more in the mystery of life and death in its immediate presence. The church life may well be in close sympathy with the unseen life when such messages are sent to it. And



what are the messages but the same that have been given to all the ages and in all Christian experience, that the unseen sphere is close to the seen ; that the door from the one to the other may open easily and at any time ; and that when it opens, and we are ready, all is beautiful and under the Father's care." — PRESIDENT DWIGHT : *Address on Rev. Charles Symington.*

Rev. John Hutchins, the present pastor, came here in 1895.

1806.—The Democrats protest against the imprisonment of Editor Osborn. At sunrise seventeen guns are fired, a procession composed of men from far and near parade the streets, a public meeting is held, followed by a collation. Osborn was editor of the *Witness*, a rank Democratic paper in this stronghold of Federalism. He had been convicted of libel against Julius Deming, and had been imprisoned. His friends claimed he was shut up in an unwholesome room with the worst criminals. Naturally, Democrats everywhere were stirred up, and Litchfield Federalists came in for no end of denunciation.

August 7.

Two colored men were discussing the demonstration of August 6, 1806. "What does it mean?"

"Why, don't you know? This is leap year, and the Fourth of July has come around again."

August 8.

1888.—Fire bells ring at 12.30 A. M. The Beach building on West street is on fire. Two hours later, four business buildings are destroyed, and the new court house, which had just received its last coat of paint, is ablaze ; and like its predecessor of two years before goes up in fire and smoke.

August 9.

Sunday was to me the most uncomfortable day of the week, from the confinement in dress and locomotion which it imposed on me after Prayers and Breakfast. I was taken by my mother to a Wash Tub and thoroughly scrubbed with Soap and Water from head to foot. I was then dressed in my Sunday Habit which, as I was growing fast, was almost constantly too small. My usual dress at other times was a thin pair of Trousers and a Jacket of linsey-woolsey ; and I wore no shoes except in frosty weather. On Sunday morning I was robed in Scarlet Cloth Coat with Silver Buttons, a white Silk Vest, white Cotton Stockings, tight Shoes, Scarlet Cloth Breeches with Silver Buttons to match my Coat, a close Stock, Ruffles at the Breast of my Jacket, and a cocked Beaver Hat with gold laced Band. In this attire I was marched to the Meeting House with orders not to soil my Clothes, and to sit still, and by



LITCHFIELD REBUILT.

no means to play during meeting-time.— OLIVER WOLCOTT, JR.

August 10.

Parson Champion succeeded Parson Collins, our first Minister, Doctor, and Justice of the Peace. Mr. Champion was a pleasant, affable man and a sonorous, animated Preacher. I liked loud preaching and suffered only from the confinement of my Sunday dress. Mr. Champion not unfrequently exchanged Sunday services with a neighboring Parson, whose performances were most uncomfortable. They were dull, monotonous, and very long, in the afternoon they frequently exceeded two hours. As I was not allowed to sleep during meeting time, my sufferings were frequently extreme.

— OLIVER WOLCOTT, JR.

August 11.

After service new toils awaited me. Our Sunday was in fact the old Jewish Sabbath, continued from sunset to sunset. In the interval from the end of services in the Meeting House until sunset, my father read to the family from the Bible or some printed sermon, and when he was done, I was examined by my mother in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism. I learned to recite this in self-defense; and I comprehended it then as well as at any time afterwards. When this task was ended, I was

allowed to resume my ordinary Habit. It exhilarates my spirits, even at present, to think of the ecstacies I enjoyed when I put on my Jacket and Trousers and quit my Stockings and Shoes. I used to run to the Garden Lawn or into the orchard ; I would leap, run, lie down and roll on the grass, in short play all the gambols of a fat calf when loosened from confinement.—OLIVER WOLCOTT, JR.

August 12.

1776.—David Matthews, the royalist mayor of New York, who was a political prisoner in Litchfield, writes to his wife : “ Ever since my arrival here, I have been at the house of Capt Moses Seymour, who, together with his wife, have behaved in the most genteel, kind manner, and have done everything in their power to make my time as agreeable as possible. He is a fine merry fellow, and she is a warm Protestant ; and if it was not the thoughts of home were continually in my mind, I might be happy with my good landlord and his family.”

August 13.

1851.—This was the first day of the Centennial Celebration of the organization of Litchfield County. A vast throng from all parts of the County and from distant places gathered at West Park. Samuel Church, at that time chief justice of the State, delivered an historical ad-

dress. John Pierpont, the celebrated Unitarian clergyman and man of letters, was the poet of the occasion.

“ Thy fathers, Litchfield County, are at rest :
Thy children meet to-day to call thee blest.
Honored and loved as by them all thou art,
They leave their homes, and gather to thy heart,
To see once more thy venerable face,
Once more to feel thy motherly embrace,
Each other’s voice to hear, to clasp once more
Each other’s hand, still warm, and to implore
God’s blessing on thee, for all coming time.”

— JOHN PIERPONT : *Litchfield County Centennial.*

August 14.

1851.—On the second day of the Centennial celebration, Horace Bushnell delivered one of the noblest orations known in the history of American oratory. His “Age of Homespun” is a magnificent tribute to the services of unhistoric and forgotten men and women, who, after all, have done more than the illustrious few to make the history of the County what it is.

August 15.

If you ask who made this Litchfield County of ours, it will be no sufficient answer that you get, however instructive and useful, when you have gathered up the names that appear in our public records, and recited the events that have found an honorable place in the history of our county, or the republic. You must not go into

the burial places and look only for the tall monuments and titled names. . . . Around the honored few, here a Bellamy or a Day sleeping in the midst of his flock ; here a Wolcott or a Smith, an Allen or a Tracy, a Reeve or a Gould, all names of honor—round about these few, and others like them, are lying multitudes of worthy men and women under their humbler monuments, or in graves that are hidden by the monumental green that loves to freshen over their forgotten resting-place ; and in these, the humble but good many, we are to say are the deepest, truest causes of our happy history.—HORACE BUSHNELL : *Litchfield County Centennial.*

August 16.

Litchfield has always been famed for longevity, and Harriet Beecher Stowe's words still have application : " Nobody ever seemed to be sick or to die either, at least while I was there. The natives grew old till they could not grow any older, and then they stood still, and lasted from generation to generation."

Mrs. Mary Adams, mother of Chief Justice Adams, was born in 1698, and died in 1803, and so had the very unusual experience of living in three centuries. And, as if this were not enough, she rode on horseback thirty miles in one day after she had passed her one hundredth year.

The oldest person in the town at present is Miss Rebecca Osborn, in the ninety-eighth

year of her age. She was born in the house she now lives in; her father was also born in that house, which was built by her grandfather in the last century.

August 17.

1774.—The inhabitants of Litchfield, in legal town meeting, protest against the operation of the Boston port bill, and authorize subscriptions for the relief of the poor in that town.

On the same day, Aaron Burr writes from the home of his brother-in-law, Judge Reeve: "Before I proceed further, let me tell you that a few days ago, a mob of several hundred persons gathered at Barrington, and tore down the house of a man who was suspected of being unfriendly to the liberties of the people, broke up the court then sitting at that place, etc. As many of the rioters belonged to this colony, and the Supreme Court was then sitting at this place, the sheriff was immediately dispatched to apprehend the ringleaders. He returned yesterday with eight prisoners, who were taken without resistance. But this minute there are entering the town on horseback, with great regularity, about fifty men, armed each with a white club, and I observe others continually dropping in."

August 18.

1837.—The Milton Episcopal Church is consecrated by Bishop Brownell.

August 19.

1798.—The Milton Congregational Church is organized. The Third Ecclesiastical Society had been organized some years before, and there had been occasional preaching at Milton, as the following minute of 1779 (exact date not given) shows: “Voted, That we will hire Mr. Stephen Heaton to preach with us seventeen days, for which we agree to give him thirty-five bushels of wheat or equivalent in money, to be paid by the 20th of November, 1780.”

1808.—Frederick Henry Wolcott, born. He was one of the sons of Frederick Wolcott. After a business career in New York, he retired in middle life, and gave himself entirely to philanthropic work. He was one of the most influential Presbyterians of his day, and sat for several terms in the General Assembly of that church.

August 20.

One of my temptations to an afternoon walk was to meet the girls who, like ourselves, were often seen taking a daily walk. Among these were the Wolcotts, the Demings, the Talmadges, the Landons, and Miss Peck, who afterwards became my wife. The Demings were always my warm friends, and to them I am indebted for many a kindness at a time when I was ill and weak, and the bystanders hardly expected me to live. Of the Wolcotts

there were four, and I think now, as I did then, that I never beheld more beautiful women than were Hannah and Mary Ann Wolcott. Many a time have I met them on North street, when it was a pleasure to look upon them, with the clearest complexions of white and red, the brightest eyes, with tall and upright forms, and graceful walk. These ladies would have attracted admiration in any place in the world.—E. D. MANSFIELD : *Personal Memories.*

August 21.

Hannah and Mary Ann Wolcott, alluded to in the quotation for August 20, were the daughters of Frederick Wolcott. If the men of the Wolcott family were distinguished for several generations, the women were no less so. Every one in Litchfield, save some of the younger school children and recent summer boarders, knows what Senator Tracy said in reference to Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, Jr. During the second administration of Washington, no one was more admired in the society of the Capital than the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Liston, the British minister, said one day to Senator Tracy, "Your country-woman, Mrs. Wolcott, would be admired even at St. James." "Sir," was the reply, "she is admired even on Litchfield Hill."

August 22.

Judge Reeve was noted for his chivalrous devotion to woman, both in and out of the domestic circle. His first wife, the sister of Aaron Burr, was a delicate invalid, confined to her bed for many years, and various interesting stories are told of his tender watching and unwearied care. He was a great admirer of female beauty and also of female talent, and various anecdotes were current of his chivalrous sayings. Among others, this especially attracted my childish interest, that he never saw a little girl, but he wished to kiss her, for if she was not good, she would be ; and he never saw a little boy, but he wished to whip him, for if he was not bad, he would be.—CATHERINE BEECHER.

August 23.

1780.—Washington and Hamilton entertained at Oliver Wolcott's, en route to West Point.

While Frederick Wolcott was a Yale student (he graduated in 1787), he received many a bright letter from his sister Mariann at Litchfield. Under this date (year not given) she writes :

“Verily, Frederick, there is no sense in living in this world; if I had one wing, one single pinion to buoy me up, I would endeavor to keep aloof from it.



RESIDENCE OF PROF. J. M. HOPPIN.

"I expect to see you at Commencement. I shall go with — my Papa. I believe we shall come in a carriage for the sake of confabulation. I have been dancing all the forenoon, and my hand trembles so that I can hardly write intelligently. We dance again this evening, and we all wish for your company. Mean-time you are poring over some antiquated subject that is neither instructive nor entertaining. You cannot say so of our dancing, it is an amusement that profits the mind. . . .

"Heaven bless you.— MARIANN."

1791. Clark Woodruff, born. He became one of the leaders of the Louisiana bar, and judge of the eighth judicial district of the state.

August 24.

The oldest house on North street is the one owned by Prof. J. M. Hoppin. It was built in 1760 by Elisha Sheldon, who, as judge and member of Council, exerted much public influence in his day. His son, Samuel Sheldon, used the house as a tavern, and a famous one it was, too. Washington was entertained there, spending a night in the northeast room. Subsequently, the place passed into the hands of Uriah Tracy, the brilliant United States senator. Here are enough memories to last a house forever, but we have only touched upon the first fifty years.

August 25.

In this century, the house has been known as the Gould House, and latterly as the Hoppin House. James Gould was a son-in-law of Senator Tracy, and associate and successor of Tapping Reeve in the famous Law School. We have already alluded to the fact that his lectures were delivered in his office, which stood just south of the house. Prof. James M. Hoppin, known everywhere to students of theology and art, and to lovers of good literature, bought this house of Judge Gould's daughter in 1871; and has made it his summer home ever since. Miss Jeanie Gould Lincoln, in writing *An Unwilling Maid*, though she speaks of the Wolcott House, is thought to have been writing more from her memory of her grandfather's home in North street.

August 26.

When Congress sat in Philadelphia, a Litchfield County man was seen driving a drove of mules through the streets. A North Carolina member congratulated the late Mr. Tracy upon seeing so many of his constituents that morning, and inquired where they were going, to which he facetiously replied, that they were going to North Carolina to keep school.— JUDGE CHURCH : *Litchfield County Centennial*.

Truly this is an age of destructive criticism. Prof. Hoppin, the owner of Senator Tracy's old

home, claims this anecdote for a Rhode Island congressman.

August 27.

1826.—I hope to begin to preach in about five years, and so our dear mother's prayers will be answered. I found a paper the other day written by her in which I find she used to rise before day to pray, and that she used to dedicate her sons to God to be his servants in his cause.—WILLIAM BEECHER.

The passage in Uncle Tom's Cabin where St. Clair describes his mother's influence is a simple reproduction of this mother's influence as it has always been in her family.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

August 28.

I could give you introductions to numbers of most excellent people. Litchfield was famous for good society. I would send you notes, but you would have to deliver them in the graveyard, always hospitable to the dead, and inhospitable to the living. And yet if you should go over to the east of the town, and wandering in the burial ground, you should find a stone marked Roxana Foote Beecher, please uncover your head, and drive from your mind all but heavenly thoughts.—HENRY WARD BEECHER : *Letter to Fanny Fern.*

August 29.

1792.—Frederick A. Tallmadge, born. For many years he was one of the foremost citizens of New York, president of the State Senate, member of Congress, Recorder of the City, and Superintendent of the New York police.

1804.—Joshua Huntington Wolcott, born. He became a member of the famous Boston house, A. and A. Lawrence & Co. During the Civil War he was treasurer of the Boston Sanitary Commission. Gov. Roger Wolcott of Massachusetts is his son.

The village library, which dates from the spring of 1862, was named, a few months after it was established, the Wolcott Library, in recognition of the generosity of Joshua Wolcott, and in respect to the honored name he bears.

August 30.

1832.—Edward W. Seymour, born.

Judge Fenn, his colleague in the Supreme Court, wrote of him as follows, upon learning the news of his sudden death in 1892: "The eldest son of the late Chief Justice Origen S. Seymour, he inherited the rare judicial temperament, the calm, candid, impartial judgment, the love of mercy-tempered justice, so essentially characteristic of his father. Educated at Yale College, a graduate of the famous class of 1853, studying law in his father's office, early and frequently called to represent his

native town, and later his Senatorial district in the General Assembly, a useful member of Congress for four years, having in the meantime, by devotion to his profession, as well as by natural ability, become the acknowledged leader of the bar in the two counties of Litchfield and Fairfield; certainly it was the principle of natural selection which three years ago led to his choice as a member of our highest judicial tribunal,—the Supreme Court of Errors of this State."

J. H. Olmstead of Stamford, in speaking before the Fairfield County Bar, said:

"He wore the ermine so modestly, and was so kind and considerate on the bench. He regarded the feelings of the counsel, whether old or young, as well as the feelings of the parties and all connected with the cases on trial. During the brief time he was on the bench, he proved himself a model judge, giving great promise of the future. . . .

But paramount to all else in the life of Judge Seymour, stands out the fact that he was a true Christian gentleman. . . . The life and character and death of such a man is refreshing to believers in these materialistic days."

August 31.

Personally, Judge [E. W.] Seymour was one of the loveliest of men, a favorite with his class in college, the life of all companies,

always respected, always beloved. As it should be with every man, his ways grew more serious with age, but his wit was as ready, as spontaneous as ever. His talk was always refreshing to young and old, always kindly, always cleanly. To his strong attachment to his church, to his family, and to his home, his whole life testified.—G. A. HICKOX : *Enquirer*.

There was no one who took more account of the common, everyday affairs of his street associates, interesting himself in all that went for their happiness, the improvement of their places, and the good of the town. He knew every shrub and tree that had been planted, had probably leaned over the fence and talked with the owner about it. . . . Plain people trusted him, and voted for him, too; politics had little to do with it.

He “liked dumb beasts, and they trusted him,” he knew birds well, knew all the wood roads where the cypripediums and wild calla grew, and took the neighborhood boys with him to get them. I thought myself fairly keen in the getting of rare wild flowers, but I seldom made a find that wasn’t an old story to the judge.—DR. H. E. GATES : *Enquirer*.

September 1.

Moses Seymour, a native of Hartford, came to Litchfield in early manhood. He distinguished himself in the Revolution, held various offices of public trust, and was town clerk for thirty-seven years. His wife was Molly, the daughter of Ebenezer Marsh. Their family consisted of five sons and one daughter. Two of the sons, Ozias and Moses, were sheriffs of this county, another, Epaphroditus, became a bank president in Brattleboro, Vermont. The careers of the two other sons, Henry and Horatio, we have noted elsewhere; the daughter became the wife of Rev. Truman Marsh.

September 2.

Is there anything so delicious as roast pig, thought Oliver Wolcott, as he surveyed a fine litter in his barnyard. "Here, Pompey," calling to his faithful slave, "take two of these pigs up to Parson Champion with my compliments."

No sooner said than done; the pigs are caught, and, despite their squealing, put into a bag, which is securely tied. It is quite a trip to the parson's, and as Pompey passes the house of Major Moses Seymour he determines to find

refreshment for his journey in the smiles, and perhaps the doughnuts and coffee, of Phyllis in the kitchen. While he is regaling himself within, Major Seymour is enjoying himself without. Had he been a man of letters, he might have meditated upon the deliciousness of roast pig, and have anticipated Charles Lamb in his famous essay. But he is a man of action. He has opened the bag, let out the pigs, and put two puppies in their place.

Pompey appears at last, and finishes his journey. When the bag was opened, Parson Champion was in no mood to enjoy a joke, and gruffly ordered Pompey home to his master. The poor slave was about speechless with astonishment, and when he got back to Major Seymour's again, he was glad to tell his story to the good major, who showed his amazement, and was kind and sympathetic. "Pompey, you had better step in and tell Phyllis about it," said Major Seymour; and while the slave was in the kitchen, quick hands freed the puppies and put back the pigs.

A few moments later Oliver Wolcott, as he listened to Pompey's incoherent explanations, thought the man must be drunk or out of his head. "Why, what are you talking about? Open that bag and let the pigs out." And sure enough there they were. "Pompey have you stopped anywhere on the way?" "Yes, sah; yes, sah; just a minute at Major Sey-

mour's." "Well," said his master, "that explains it all."

September 3.

Old Dr. Champion in the latter part of his ministry thought he had sinned away the day of grace, and that he was going to hell; and he never showed himself so much a Christian as in the disposition which he manifested at that time. If it was God's will that he should go there, he was willing to go. He did not know what he should do in hell, till one day he solved the question satisfactorily in his own mind, and said, "I will open a prayer meeting there!" He thought it would afford him some balm and consolation. I do not think that man ever got there.—HENRY WARD BEECHER: *Sermon—Sin against the Holy Ghost.*

September 4.

1777.—Morris Woodruff, born. General Woodruff was a lifelong resident of the town, and was repeatedly, almost continuously, entrusted with public office. He represented the town in fourteen sessions of the legislature, and was magistrate of the county for twenty-six years. Upon the Litchfield of his day and upon the church of his choice, he left a deep impress by reason of his integrity and force of character.

September 5.

On one occasion, Morris Woodruff, upon his return from the legislature, was much annoyed to find that some of his directions concerning farm work had not been carried out. Salmon Brown, a brother of the famous John Brown, who was in Mr. Woodruff's employ, consoled him by saying, "Gin'ral, Gin'ral, don't you know that if you want anything did, you must did it yourself?"—GEORGE M. WOODRUFF.

September 6.

John C. Calhoun studied law under Tapping Reeve. The following reminiscence of his Litchfield life is taken from a book highly prized by collectors of Americana—"The National Portrait Gallery," New York, 1835:

"It was in the debating society of this place, where the most agitating political topics of the day were discussed before crowded meetings, that Mr. Calhoun, who was ever the champion of the republican side, first developed his great powers of parliamentary debate. It was his custom even then to prepare by reflection and not by arranging on paper what he meant to say, and not by taking notes of the arguments of others. A good memory preserved the order of his own thoughts, and a wonderful power of analysis and classification enabled him to digest rapidly, and to distribute in their proper places the answer and refutation of all

the arguments of the speakers, however numerous, whom he followed."

September 7.

John C. Calhoun boarded for a time at the McMartin Place on Prospect street. The house was at that time the boyhood home of Hosea Webster, Mrs. H. B. Belden's father. He very well remembered helping Calhoun set out some of the trees in front of the house.

The elms in front of Dr. Page's are also claimed as his. Calhoun seems to have boarded in about as many houses as Washington was entertained in. The southeast room of the second floor of the house now the Episcopal rectory was his room for a time.

This was the house that Samuel Seymour built in 1784. His son Charles, when eighty-seven years of age, came on to attend the golden wedding of Judge and Mrs. Seymour. He searched the garret for a fishing-rod he had left on the rafters forty-five years before, but unfortunately looked in vain.

September 8.

I very well remember going back, after having arrived at years of manhood, to the schoolhouse where I *did not* receive my early education. I measured the stones which in my childhood it seemed that a giant could not lift, and I could almost turn them over with my foot!

I measured the trees which seemed to loom up into the sky wonderously large, but they had shrunk, grown shorter, and outspread narrower. I looked into the old schoolhouse, and how small the whittled benches and dilapidated they were, compared with my boyhood impression of them! I looked over the meadows, across which my toddling feet had passed. They had once seemed to me to be broad fields, but now but narrow ribbons, lying between the house and the water. I marveled at the apparent change which had taken place in these things, and thought what a child I must have been, when they seemed to me to be things of great importance. The school ma'am — oh what a being I thought she was, and the schoolmaster — how awe-struck I was at his presence. So looking and wistfully remembering, I said to myself, "Well, one bubble has broken." But when you shall stand above, and look back with celestial and clarified vision, upon this world — this rickety old schoolhouse earth, it will seem smaller to you than to me that old village school.— HENRY WARD BEECHER : *Abbott's Life.*

September 9.

E. D. Mansfield in his *Personal Memories* gives the following glimpse of Judge Gould's lecture room : "At nine o'clock we students walked into the lecture room, with our note books under our arms. We had desks, and pen and ink to

record the important principles and authorities. The practice of Judge Gould was to read the principle from his own manuscript twice distinctly, pausing between and repeating in the same manner the leading cases. After the lecture we had access to the law library to consult authorities."

September 10.

1805.—John Pierpont, born. He became judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont.

1862.—The Nineteenth Connecticut Volunteers marched in from Camp Dutton and received an elegant stand of colors from Mrs. William C. Noyes, her husband making the presentation address.

September 11.

Miss Pierce's schoolhouse was a small building of only one room, probably not exceeding 30 feet by 70, with small closets at each end, one large enough to hold a piano, and the others used for bonnets and over-garments. The plainest pine desks, long plank benches, a small table, and an elevated teacher's chair constituted the whole furniture. When I began school there, she was the sole teacher. In process of time her nephew, Mr. John Brace, became her associate.—CATHERINE BEECHER.

September 12.

Mr. Brace was one of the most stimulating and inspiring instructors I ever knew. He was himself widely informed, an enthusiast in botany, mineralogy, and the natural sciences generally, besides being well read in English classical literature. . . . Much of the training and inspiration of my early days consisted, not in the things I was supposed to be studying, but in hearing while seated unnoticed at my desk, the conversation of Mr. Brace with the older classes.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

September 13.

1795.—Joseph E. Camp, ordained. He was the first pastor of the Northfield church, which he served forty-two years. On one occasion, he went over to preach at the Wolcott church, which was in such straits that it could not support a settled minister. He gave out as his opening hymn a selection from Watts :

“ Lord, what a wretched land is this
That yields us no supply.”

A smile stole over the congregation, and was in no wise lessened when the chorister announced very audibly the tune—“ Northfield.”

September 14.

My servants had gone out for the evening, and I had just put the children to bed, when Mr. Hubbard came into the house, and told me

that a number of enlisted men had just come to town, and that there were no preparations to receive them at Camp Dutton, and that the hotels were full. "They must be taken care of, for they are going out to fight for us." So I looked up all my bedding, and then went in to Miss Ogden's and borrowed of her. That night nineteen soldiers slept in our house.—
MRS. ABBY J. HUBBARD.

September 15.

1862.—The Nineteenth Connecticut Volunteers, after giving three parting cheers for Camp Dutton, moved to Litchfield Station, *en route* for the seat of war.

September 16.

John Brown attended Morris Academy with his younger brother Salmon. A story of the two brothers is told, how John, finding that Salmon had committed some school offense, for which the teacher had pardoned him, said to the teacher : "Mr. Vaill, if Salmon had done this thing at home, father would have punished him. I know he would expect you to punish him now for doing this,—and if you don't I shall." That night finding Salmon was likely to escape punishment, John made good his word,—more in sorrow than in anger,—giving his brother a severe flogging.—F. B. SANBORN : *Life of John Brown.*

September 17.

1862.—The Battle of Antietam. The Eighth Connecticut, containing two companies of Litchfield County troops, was engaged in this fight. Three men from this town were slain on the field.

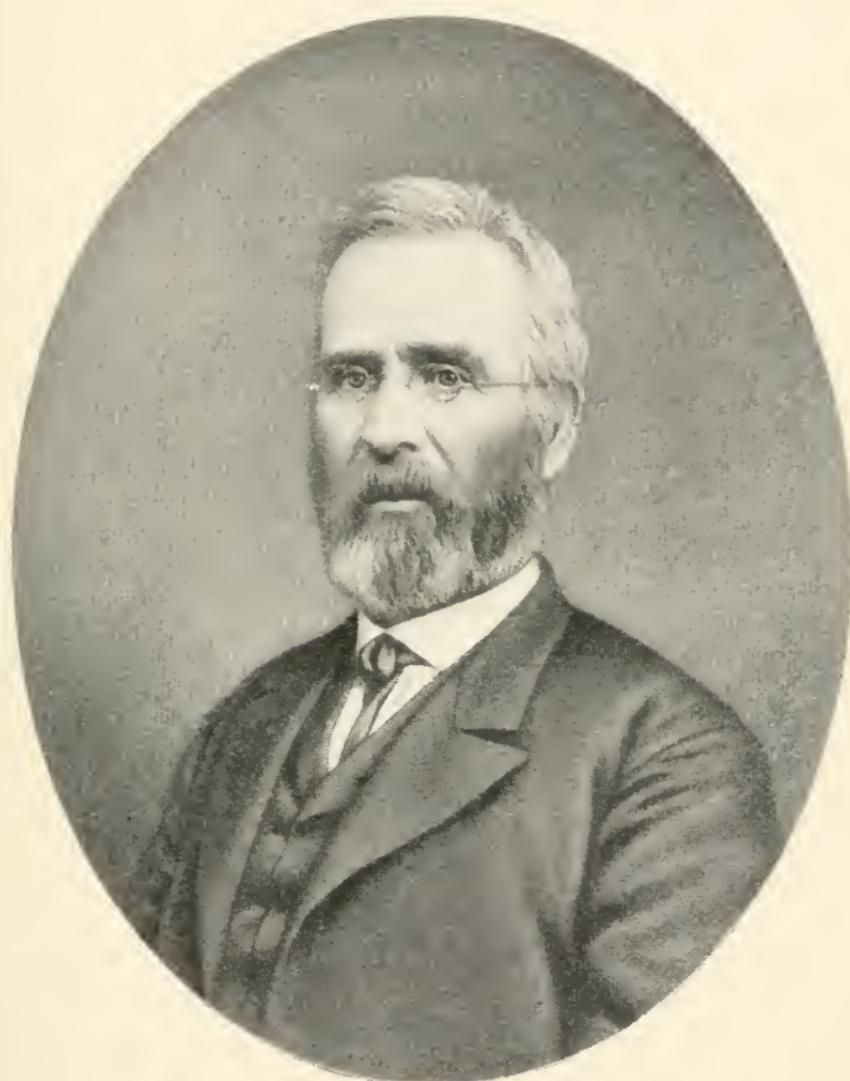
September 18.

John H. Hubbard, Congressman during the Civil War, writes from Washington to his wife:

“How hard it is for me to be kept from you! I think I can appreciate the great sacrifice of the men who leave their families to fight for their country. Is it not a wonder that more of them do not desert or die with homesickness? Poor fellows! Many of them will come home to die in poverty and obscurity in spite of their brave generosity. I hope that their wives and children will continue to love them, and that God will help them.”

September 19.

1864.—The Battle of Winchester. The Nineteenth Connecticut had been reorganized at Alexandria, and was known in its fighting days as the Second Connecticut Artillery. It was part of Gen. Upton’s brigade that saved the day at Winchester. The regiment was under fire from the middle of the forenoon till about sunset. T. F. Vaill tells the story of those fatal ten



JOHN H. HUBBARD.

minutes which wrought as much havoc as all the rest of the day :

“The enemy’s artillery, on a rise of ground in front, plowed the field with cannister and shells, and tore the ranks in a frightful manner. Maj. Rice was struck by a shell, his left arm torn off, and his body cut almost asunder. Maj. Skinner was struck on the top of the head by a shell, knocked nearly a rod with face to the earth, and was carried to the rear insensible. Gen. Upton had a good quarter pound of flesh taken out of his thigh by a shell, and was laid up for some weeks ; several other officers were also struck, and from this instance some idea may be gained of the havoc among the enlisted men at this point.”

The regiment lost that day one hundred and thirty-six killed and wounded, fourteen of whom were officers. Three men from this town were among the slain; a fourth, mortally wounded, died a few days later.

September 20.

Take the report of my doings on the platform of the world’s business, and it has been naught. But still it has been a great thing even for me to live. In my separate and merely personal kind of life, I have had a greater epic transacted than was ever written, or could be. The little turns of my way have turned great

changes,—what I am now as distinguished from the merely mollusk and pulpy state of infancy; the drawing-out of my powers, the correcting of my errors, the winnowing of my faults, the washing of my sins, that which has given me principles, opinions, and, more than all, a faith, and as the fruit of this, an abiding in the sense and free partaking of the love of God. . . . What a history of redemption and more!—HORACE BUSHNELL: *Life and Letters.*

September 21.

Reckon as thy jewels, then,
Thy saintly women and thy holy men.
—JOHN PIERPONT: *Litchfield County Centennial.*

September 22.

1849.—The first passenger train runs over the Naugatuck railroad to the terminus at Winsted.

September 23.

Mother was one of those strong, restful, widely sympathetic natures in whom all around seemed to find comfort and repose. She was of a temperament peculiarly restful and peace-giving. Her union with the spirit of God, unruffled and unbroken even from childhood, seemed to impart to her an equilibrium and healthful placidity that no earthly reverses ever disturbed.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

September 24.

The communion between my father and mother was a peculiar one. It was an intimacy throughout the whole range of their being. Both intellectually and morally, he regarded her as the better and stronger portion of himself, and I remember hearing him say that after her death, his first sensation was a sort of terror, like that of a child suddenly shut out alone in the dark.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

September 25.

1816.—Roxana Beecher died. Mrs. Reeve, in a letter written at the time, says: “Her soul lighted up and gilded the way as she entered the valley of death. She made a very feeling and appropriate prayer in my hearing. She told her husband that her views and anticipations of heaven had been so great that she could hardly sustain it. She dedicated her sons to God for missionaries. Mr. Beecher then made a prayer, and she fell into a sweet sleep from which she awoke in heaven.”

Harriet Beecher Stowe writes: “There was one passage of Scripture always associated with her in our minds in childhood; it was this—‘Ye are come unto Mt. Zion, the city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels; to the general assembly of the Church of the first-born,

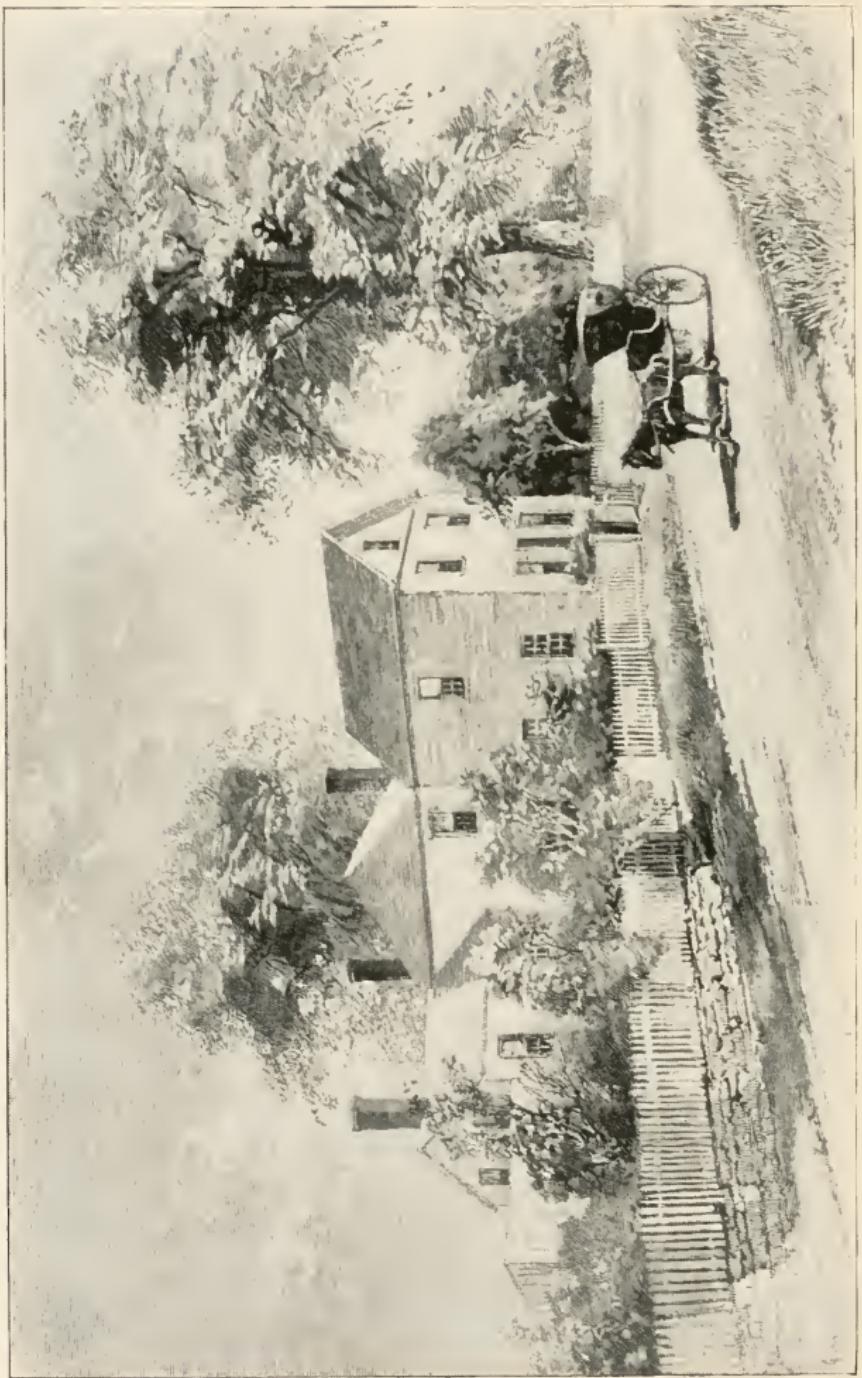
and to spirits of just men made perfect.' We all knew that this was what our father repeated to her when she was dying, and we often repeated it to each other. It was to that we felt we *must* attain, though we scarcely knew how."

September 26.

1776.—David Matthews, the royalist mayor of New York, writes from Litchfield: "The committee have been compelled to request my removal in order to pacify some people. They insist I can blow up this town. Oh, that I could! The sheriff has given orders that I shall not approach the gaol, lest the doors should fly open and the prisoners escape. I should not have returned to this cold wilderness had not the sheriff of Hartford declared he must lock me up in gaol."

September 27.

Shortly after his mother's burial, Henry Ward Beecher was discovered under Sister Catherine's window, digging with great zeal and earnestness. She called to him to know what he was doing, and, lifting up his curly head, with great simplicity he answered, "Why, I'm going to heaven to find ma."—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.



September 28.

1738.—Town of Goshen is organized in the house of Deacon John Buel, West street, Litchfield.

September 29.

1864.—Seth F. Plumb, for whom the Grand Army Post of this town is named, was killed at Chapin's Farms, Va. An army letter, written at the time, bears the following tribute: “Fairer character never graced a soldier’s uniform, and he lives embalmed in the affections of home and in the hearts of his comrades. He led in the closing prayer of that last meeting before the fight, and his last words, as the column moved for the charge, were respecting ‘that good meeting’ and the preciousness of Christ to the soldier.”

September 30.

1821.—Edward Beecher writes at the close of September: “Harriet reads everything she can lay her hands on, and sews and knits diligently. Henry and Charles go to school. Henry is sprightly and active, and Charles as honest and clumsy as ever.

“And what shall I say more? Shall I speak of our orchard, from which the gale blew off

apples enough for twenty barrels of cider, and wherein are yet cider and winter apples without number? Or of our cellar, wherein are barrels small and great; moreover bins, boxes, and cupboards, which I have arranged, having cleansed the cellar with besom, rake, and wheelbarrow? Or of the garden, in which are weeds of divers kinds, particularly pig; yea, also beets, carrots, parsnips, and potatoes, the like whereof was never seen?

“Hear now the conclusion of the whole matter. The family at Litchfield to the family at Guilford sendeth greeting, hoping we meet again in this world and rejoice together in the next.”

October 1.

No town-meeting in a New England community would be complete without its auction. . . . Everything is there, from a broken sewing-machine down to a rusty chain or a nicked axe old enough to have figured in the familiar legend of Washington's boyhood. Over all this conglomerate of truck stands the auctioneer, a predominating figure at Litchfield town-meetings, long to be remembered, and now, at seventy-seven, so old as to be a social landmark of the village. Tall and angular, with spectacled nose like the beak of a Roman galley set on the face of a Socrates, a voice like that of the Numidian lion, a ready tongue and a wit whose Attic salt Time has not even yet freshened, he does more to enliven a Litchfield town-meeting than all other characters united. Consistent piety, kindly and generous temper, and a simple, unaffected life round off the personality of a man who, more than all the rest, seems to me to symbolize the spirit of those town-meetings at which he has been auctioneer for time out of mind. Good old Tom Saltonstall! Long may he live to knock down to the highest bidder the archaic kettle and the pris-

matic-hued bedquilt; and at that Great Town Meeting where we shall gather when time and eternity meet, may no figure more sinister than his be there to bid us welcome.—CLARENCE DEMING: *A Yankee Town Meeting.* [1882.]

October 2.

1780.—Major Tallmadge accompanies Major André to the foot of the scaffold at Tappan. Years after, he wrote: “I became so deeply attached to Major André that I can remember no instance when my affections were so fully absorbed in any man. When I saw him swinging under the gibbet, it seemed for a time as if I could not support it. All the spectators seemed to be overwhelmed by the affecting spectacle, and the eyes of many were suffused in tears.”

October 3.

In another portion of the book* reference has been made to the famous Agreement of 1789, and to Lyman Beecher’s “Six Sermons” delivered here and subsequently in Boston. These are conspicuous landmarks in American Temperance Reform. What more fitting way to commemorate them than by casting a vote for No-License at the Town Election.

* See pages 70, 82.

“The commerce, therefore, in ardent spirits which produces no good, and produces a certain and immense amount of evil, must be regarded as an unlawful commerce, and ought, upon every principle of humanity and patriotism and conscience and religion, to be abandoned and proscribed.”—LYMAN BEECHER: *Six Sermons on Intemperance.*

October 4.

1858.—The town authorized the construction of Center Park at private expense. This park originated in the thought of Miss Mary Pierce, who gave money for grading and fencing it.

The East and West parks were graded and planted with trees in the summer of 1836. Dr. John Wolcott was the moving spirit in this improvement, and Henry L. Goodwin and D. C. Bulkley had much to do with the planting and care of the trees. About the time the Center Park was put in order, a young college graduate, George M. Woodruff by name, had more trees set out in the east end of East Park.

October 5.

1818.—By the ratification of the new Constitution, the Congregational churches of the state of Connecticut are disestablished.

Lynian Beecher's comment is not only interesting historically, but is especially pertinent

in these days of ecclesiastical unrest in Old England :

“ It was as dark a day as I ever saw. The odium thrown upon the ministry was inconceivable. The injury done to the cause of Christ, as we then supposed, was irreparable. For several days I suffered what no tongue can tell *for the best thing that ever happened to the State of Connecticut.* It cut the churches loose from dependence on State support. It threw them wholly on their own resources and on God.”

1880.—Origen Storrs Seymour and Lucy M. Woodruff, his wife, celebrate their golden wedding.

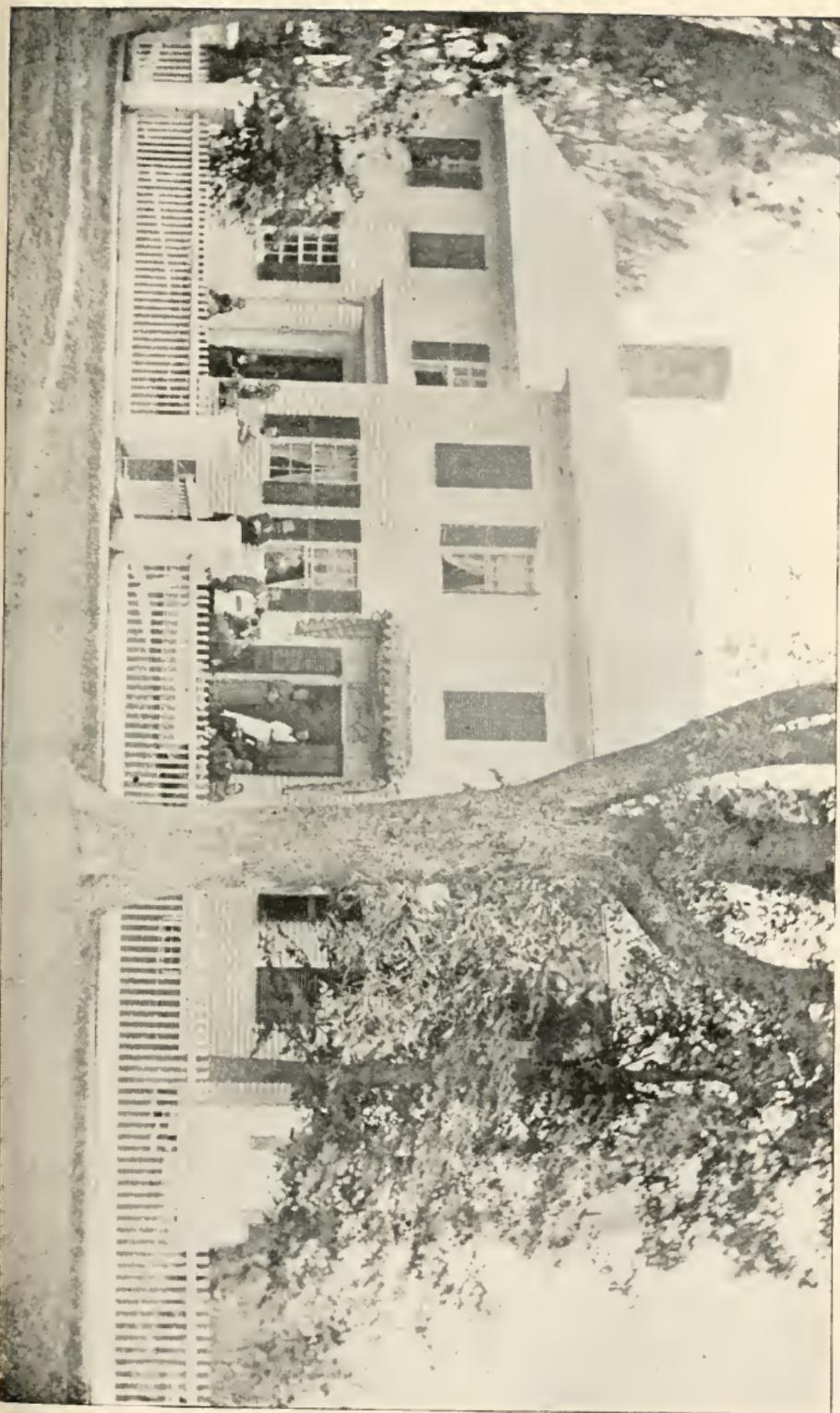
“ These two are wedded fifty years,
For fifty years two hearts are one,
And in this mild October sun
There is no sorrow in their tears.”

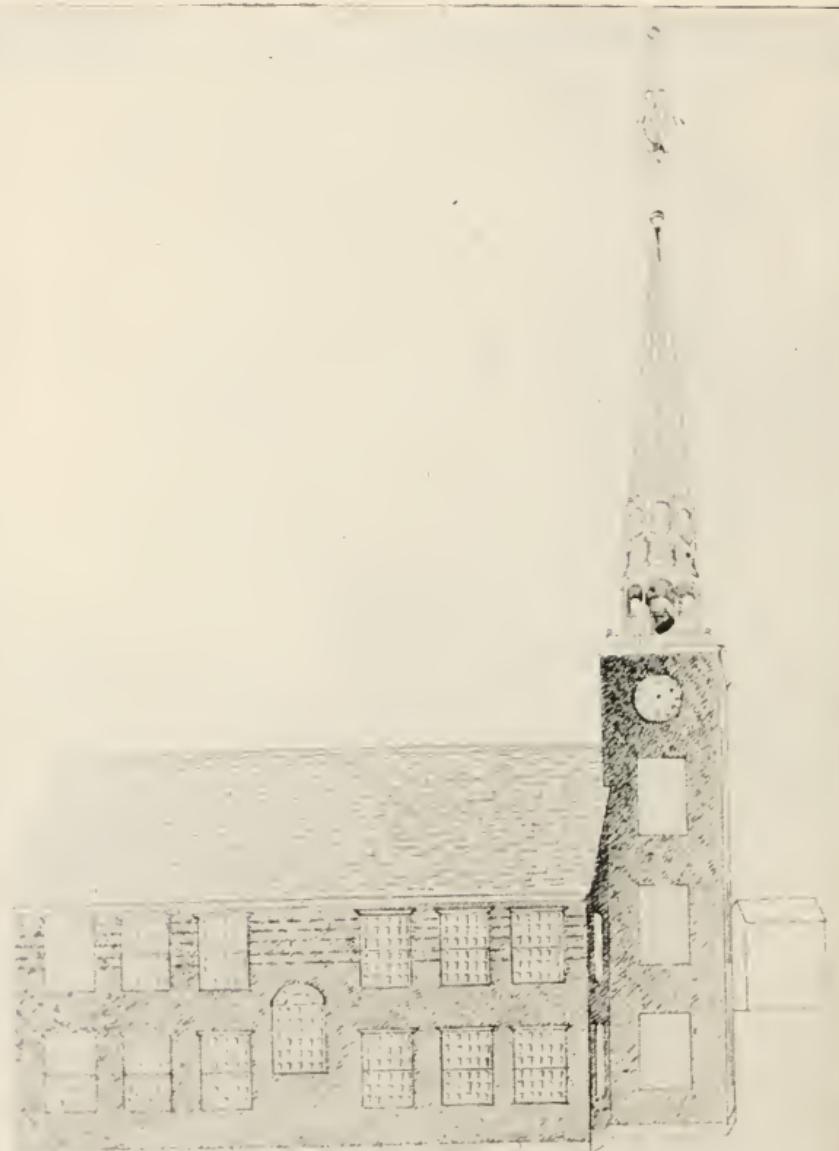
— GIDEON H. HOLLISTER.

October 6.

The golden wedding of Judge and Mrs. Seymour, bringing together many distinguished people from far and near, was the most notable social event in the history of Litchfield.

Not far from this time, three couples closely connected celebrated their golden weddings. On one of these occasions, there sat down at the same table, Judge and Mrs. Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Woodruff, and Mr. and Mrs. James B. Parsons.





THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

October 7.

That fellow 's so contrary that he hates to do the very thing he wants to, if anybody else wants him to do it. If there was any way of voting that would spite both parties and please nobody, he'd take that. The only way to get that fellow to heaven would be to set out to drive him to hell ; then he'd turn and run up the narrow way full chisel.— *Sheriff Dennie on Zeph Higgins — Poganuc People.*

October 8.

In his *Yankee Town Meeting*, Clarence Deming tells of the attempt of a vociferous lawyer to browbeat the Moderator : “ Mr. Moderator, for three years you have decided this question the other way.” “ All right,” was the response, “ if I have decided the question for three years wrong the other way, all the more reason why I should decide it right now.”

October 9.

The old Litchfield “ meeting-house ” stood in the middle of the “ Green ” very nearly at the intersection of the two main streets of the town. There it stood, solitary, solemn, and lonely. There was not a single line or fixture in it suggesting taste or beauty ; but that which the architect had neglected, the worshipers supplied. The hearts of thousands of men and

women who had worshiped there from childhood to old age had thrown the color of the deepest feelings upon the gaunt old church, and no doubt in their eyes the old wooden meeting-house looked more beautiful than the Parthenon to the Greeks.

The building was square, with two stories of windows and a high steep roof on which the snow had hard work to lie in winter. The windows were large, with panes of glass six by eight in size, full of warts and wrinkles, through which external objects were seen by our young eyes in the most grotesque distortion.— HENRY WARD BEECHER: *Going to Meeting.*

October 10.

The glory of our meeting-house was the singers' seat, that empyrean of those who rejoiced in the mysterious art of fa-sol-la-ing. There they sat in the gallery that lined three sides of the house, treble, counter, tenor, and bass, each with its appropriate leader and supporters. There were generally seated the bloom of our young people, sparkling, modest, blushing girls on one side, with their ribbons and finery, making the place as blooming and lively as a flower garden ; and fiery, forward, confident young men on the other.— HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

October 11.

I remember the wonder with which I used to look from side to side when treble, tenor, counter, and bass were roaring and foaming, and it verily seemed to me as if the Psalm were going to pieces among the breakers; and the delighted astonishment with which I found that each particular verse did emerge whole and uninjured from the storm.— HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

October 12.

But even Sunday cannot hold out forever, and meetings have to let out sometime! So at length a universal stir and bustle announced that it was time to go. Up we bolted! Down we sat as quick as if a million pins were sticking in our feet! The right leg was asleep! Limping forth into the open air, relief came to our heart. The being out of doors had always an inexpressible charm, and never so much as on Sunday. Away went the wagons! Away went the people! The whole Green swarmed with folks. The long village streets were full of company. In ten minutes all were gone, and the street was given up again to the birds.
— HENRY WARD BEECHER: *Going to Meeting*.

October 13.

When the day was done and the candles were lighted, and the supper was out of the

way, we all gathered about the great kitchen fire; and soon after George or Henry had to go down for apples. Generally it was Henry. A boy's hat is a universal instrument. It is a bat to smack butterflies with, a basket for stones to pelt frogs withal, a measure to bring up apples in. And a big-headed boy's old felt hat was not stingy in its qualities; and when its store ended, the errand would always be repeated. To eat six, eight, and twelve apples in an evening was no great feat for a growing young lad, whose stomach was no more in danger of dyspepsia than the neighborhood mill, through whose body passed thousands of bushels of corn, leaving it no fatter at the end of the year than at the beginning. Cloyed with apples? To eat an apple is to want to eat another.—HENRY WARD BEECHER: *Fruits, Flowers, and Farming.*

October 14.

Rev. Dan. Huntington, who was ordained Pastor of the Congregational Church in October, 1798, wrote the following well-known description of the Litchfield of his day:

“A delightful village on a fruitful hill, richly endowed with its schools, both professional and scientific, and their accomplished teachers; with venerable Governors and Judges; with its learned lawyers and Senators, and Representa-

tives, both in National and State Departments; Litchfield was now in its glory."

October 15.

1724.—A Town Meeting orders a "Memorial of the distressed state of the Inhabitants of the Town of Litchfield, which we humbly lay before the Honorable General Assembly now sitting in New Haven." . . . "Many of our Inhabitants are drawn off, and the duties of Watching and Warding are become very heavy."

October 16.

1820.—William Guy Peck born. He graduated at West Point, was with Fremont in his exploring expeditions, and was a member successively of the faculties of West Point, University of Michigan, and Columbia College.

October 17.

1777.—Captain Moses Seymour commands a Litchfield company at the surrender of Burgoyne. A few days later he attended a dinner at which General Burgoyne was called upon for a toast. Every voice was for the moment hushed into the deepest attention, as he arose and gave—"America and Great Britain against the world." — *Kilbourne's History*.

October 18.

1816.—“An Association of Young Men desire the First Ecclesiastical Society to accept a Stove and Pipe for their meeting-house.”*

Fire? Fire? A fire in the house o’ God? I never heard on’t. I never heard o’ hevin fire in a meetin’-house.—*Zeph Higgins in Paganuc People.*

October 19.

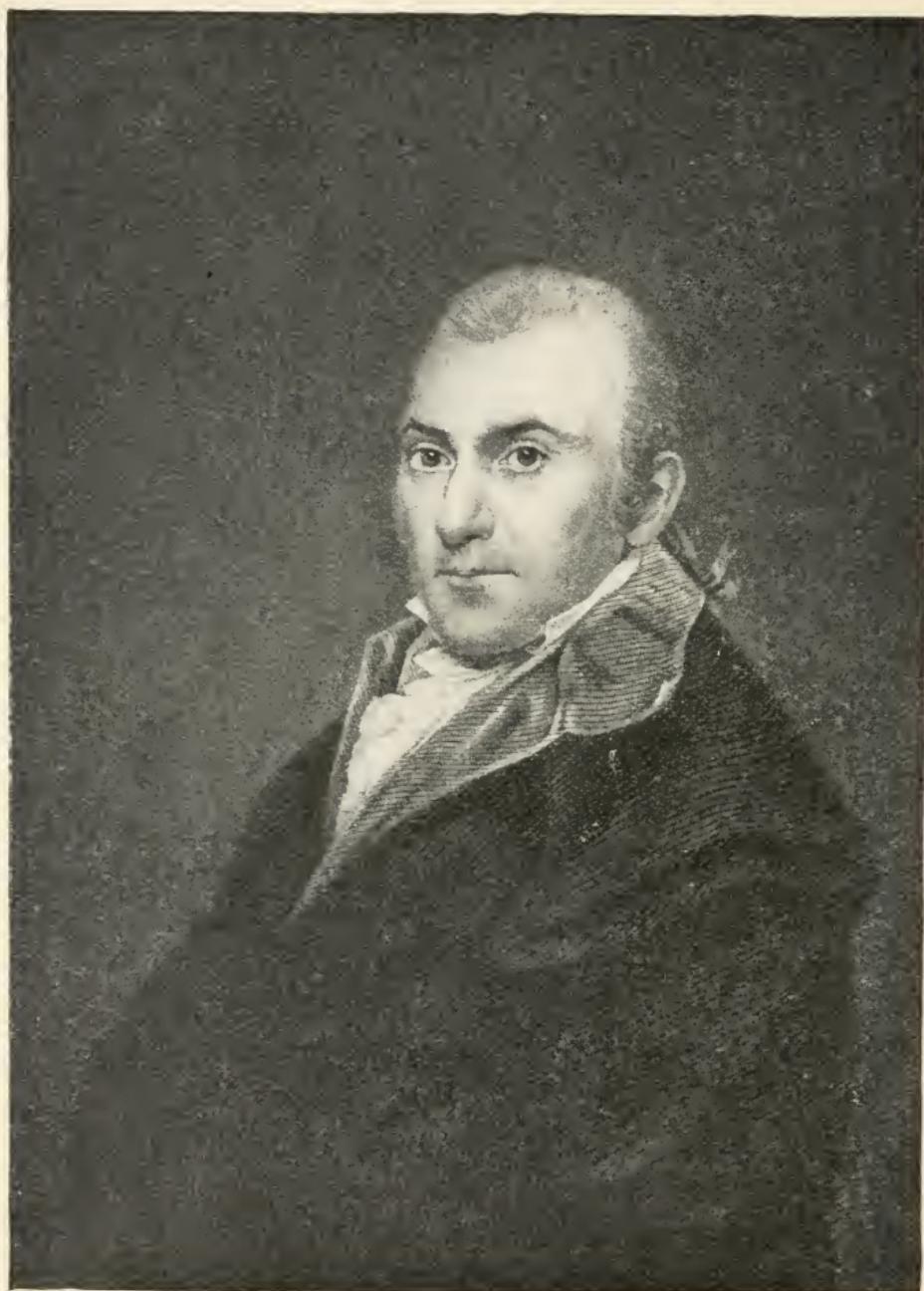
1864.—The battle of Cedar Creek. At sunrise, all unexpectedly, Early’s troops swooped down upon the federal lines, and the northern soldiers, after vain resistance, fled pell-mell through the valley. Then Sheridan rode from Winchester, and defeat is turned to victory. In the language of Pat Birmingham that night,—“We’re back again at the old camp and the Johnnies are whipped all to pieces.”

In proportion to the number of troops engaged, the Second Connecticut lost more heavily than in any other battle, not excepting Cold Harbor.

October 20.

Judge Reeve was the first eminent lawyer in this country who dared to arraign the common law of England for its severity and refined cruelty in cutting off the natural rights of married women, and placing their property as well as

* See November 20.



JAMES GOULD.

their persons at the mercy of their husbands, who might squander it or hoard it up, at their pleasure. . . . All the mitigating changes in our jurisprudence which have been made to redeem helpless woman from the barbarities of her legalized tyrant may fairly be traced to the author of the first American treatise on *The Domestic Relations*.—*Hollister's Connecticut*.

October 21.

“Gould’s Pleading” is one of the most condensed and critical pieces of composition to be found in our language, and is of an original character. He had at first contemplated a more extended treatise, but while he was preparing materials for it, the announcement of Chitty’s work on the same title induced him to change his plan. As it was presented to the public, “Gould’s Pleading” is, therefore, only a summary of the original design; but for clearness and logical precision it is surpassed, if at all, only by the Commentaries on the laws of England.—GIDEON H. HOLLISTER: *Banquet to Chief Justice Seymour*.

October 22.

Judge Gould carried to the bar the same classical finish which appears in his writings. It would have been impossible for him to speak an ungrammatical sentence, use an inelegant

expression, or make an awkward gesture. His arguments were expressed in the most brief forms in which a speaker can convey his thoughts to his hearers. He seldom spoke longer than half an hour, and in the most important and complex cases never exceeded an hour. He could shoot a quiver full of shafts within the circle of the target with such certainty and force that they could all be found and counted when the contest was over.

As a judge, his opinions are unsurpassed by any which appear in our reports for clearness and that happy moulding of thought so peculiar to him at the bar and in social conversation.—GIDEON H. HOLLISTER : *Banquet to Chief Justice Seymour.*

October 23.

The schoolhouse was in the street near the N W. corner of my father's Home Lot, and was about twenty rods from home. The street was nine or ten rods wide and the hillocks were covered with whortleberry bushes, which were tall enough to hide a young man or boy from observation. It was an excellent place for truants and used for that purpose by many of the larger Boys of the School. When I had attained the age of six or seven years, I was told that it was time for me to go to School. I was accordingly dressed in my Sunday habit, and sent out, whip in hand, on a Monday morn-

ing. I was the smallest and most tender boy who appeared, with a pale face and white hair.
— OLIVER WOLCOTT, JR.

October 24.

The Master was a stout, rough man, and I think it was probable he was a foreigner. When I was called before him, he, judging from appearance, took me between his knees and with a ferule and Dilworth's Spelling Book in his hands offered to instruct me in spelling words of several syllables. My astonishment and indignation exceeded all bounds. I considered it as the greatest possible indignity. I had no conception that a *Schoolmaster*, whom I deemed a great personage, could be so ignorant as not to know that I could read in the Testament. I remained mute and stifled my sobs as well as I was able. The Master supposed he had put me too far forward, and turned me back to words of one syllable. My wrath increased and I continued silent. He tried me in the Alphabet; and as I remained silent he told me that I came to learn to read, and that I must speak the words after him or he would whip me. He actually struck me, supposing me to be obstinately mute; my sobs nearly broke my heart, and I was ordered to my seat. Some of the boys tried to console me, and others laughed. I left the school with the most

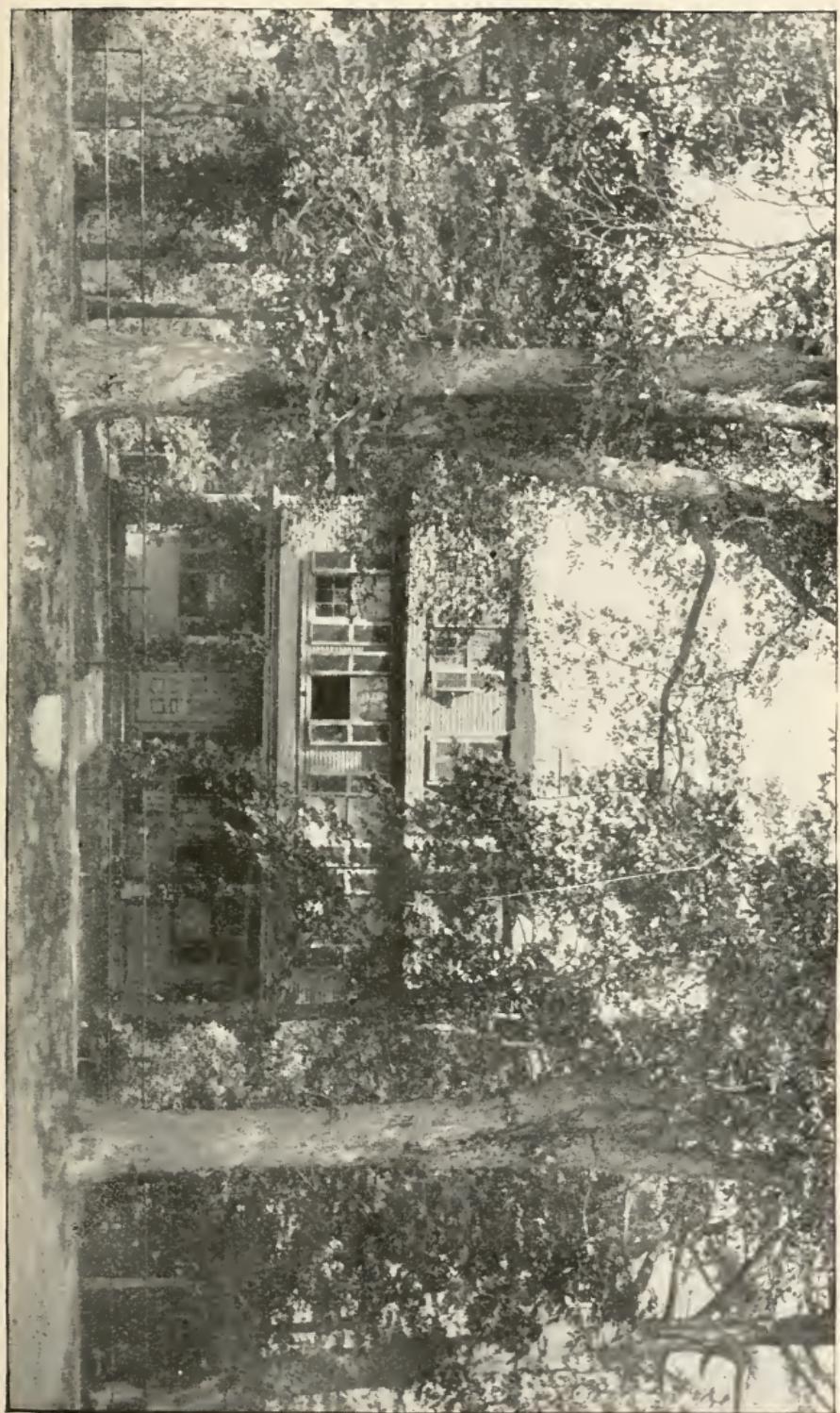
decided disgust, resolved never to enter it again.—OLIVER WOLCOTT, JR.

October 25.

The Sheldon House on North Street is one of the two or three houses of the 18th century which has been in the unbroken possession of the family of the builder. The present occupant of the house is Mrs. N. Rochester Child. Should any of her former schoolmates at Miss Pierce's read these lines, they surely will remember her by her earlier name, Elizabeth Prince.

This house is a veritable historical museum, full of rare and valuable memorials of earlier days; and aside from its contents, is interesting in itself. Dr. Sheldon built it in 1785. He lived to be ninety years old; while his daughter Lucy, who was born in the house, lived there for nearly one hundred and one years.

When Dr. Sheldon was seventy-five years old, he journeyed in company with his daughter and Miss Mary Pierce to Niagara. The letter of Lucy Sheldon (Mrs. Beach as we now remember her) describing the journey by stage and canal in 1826, the year after the Erie Canal was opened, is a most entertaining one. At its close, she expresses the hope that the journey may be the means of prolonging her father's life. Her wish was realized.





DANIEL SHELDON, M. D.

October 26.

Dear old Dr. Sheldon ! We began to get well as soon as he came into the house; or if the evil spirit delayed a little, "Cream-o'-tarter with water poured upon it and sweetened," finished the work. He had learned long before the days of homeopathy, that a doctor's chief business is to keep parents from giving their children medicine, so that nature may have a fair chance at the disease without having its attention divided or diverted.—HENRY WARD BEECHER: *Litchfield Revisited*.

October 27.

Another physician still earlier than Dr. Sheldon should be remembered here. We refer to Dr. Reuben Smith from whose correspondence with Oliver Wolcott during the Revolution we have quoted. The house he built in 1770 is now the home of Mrs. Henry R. Coit.

How one name calls up another ! All this time, we have forgotton to mention Parson Collins, the first minister of the town. He had a rather stormy time with his parishioners for thirty years, and then left the pulpit for the practice of medicine, continuing to reside in Litchfield until his death fourteen years later.

October 28.

The home of Mrs. Henry R. Coit is one of the most noted of the historic houses. We have just spoken of its builder. Dr. Smith sold the house to Asa Bacon, the lawyer who came here from Canterbury with seventeen law students whom he transferred to the Litchfield Law School.

David R. Boardman, in speaking of Asa Bacon, has said: "He had a fine appearance, being tall, well proportioned, and usually richly dressed. The first time I saw him before the jury, his head was well cased in powder and pomatum, and a long queue was dangling at his back; but he soon laid aside this conformity to old-time fashions, though he was the last member at the bar to do so. He would sometimes interlude his arguments with specimens of drollery and flashes of wit, and the expectation that these would be put forth, secured a very strict attention from all his hearers."

In later years the house became the home of Mr. Henry R. Coit, who, through his connection with the Bank and the Shepaug Railroad, and in other ways, was for many years closely identified with all that pertained to the welfare of modern Litchfield.

October 29.

One of Mr. Starr's most trusted employes was a man whom he called "Uncle Bill." In *Farm Echoes*, the following anecdote is told of him, which makes one think that the "bonnie brier bush" grows here as well as in Drumtochty:

"At one time during a severe illness which he felt might end in speedy death, he expressed a wish to communicate something to me alone, and in confidence. He summarily ordered the other occupants of his room to leave it, and I stood at his bedside, fully prepared for some important revelation—perhaps a death-bed confession of something as yet a secret to all but God and himself.

"Could it be some dark deed in his past life, now weighing more heavily than ever on his conscience in view of the near approach of death, and that he longed to unburden himself of it to one from whom he thought he might receive comforting advice? Judge of my surprise and relief, when I found that what he had to communicate was the confession of his neglect to inform me, at the time of its occurrence some year or two previous, that one in my employ had left open for a night a door which ought to have been locked. He found it open early the next morning, and had ever since felt he had neglected his duty in not at once re-

porting the fact to me. There was a tone of sadness in his voice which told as plainly as did his words, his regret at this failure of duty. It was no light matter to him that I had placed confidence in him, and that he had seemingly abused it.

“I shall never forget the impression this made upon me, nor I hope the lesson it taught me. I exclaimed: ‘Happy Uncle Bill, to be thus prepared. Is this all that troubles you?’

“Here was a soul about to enter eternity as we supposed, and it had no greater burden resting on it than this trifling matter. To tell of this open door, and then feel he was prepared for whatever might take place, proved a child-like faith and trust rarely to be met with. The eye of faith was evidently looking upon another ‘open door,’ and so steadfastly as not to see any of the difficulties which distress those who do not take as literally as did he, the precious promise of the Precious Saviour: ‘I am the door, by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved.’”

October 30.

The illustration on the opposite page shows one of the oldest houses on West Street, built by Eli Smith in 1780. For the last thirty years it has been the residence of Mr. George Kenney.



The store next door has given way to the Fire Department Building. For many years it was a landmark of the village. Seated on the steps, is Captain Alva Stone.

October 31.

1789.—John M. Peck, born. He became an eminent Baptist clergyman, and was at one time the Whig candidate for Governor of Illinois.

1850.—The Baptist Church of Bantam is organized.

November 1.

1776.—About this time, thirty-six picked men go, under the command of Capt. Beebe, to the defense of Fort Washington.

1825.—This has been a good day. Twenty-five have been added to the church. . . . Harriet communed to-day for the first time.

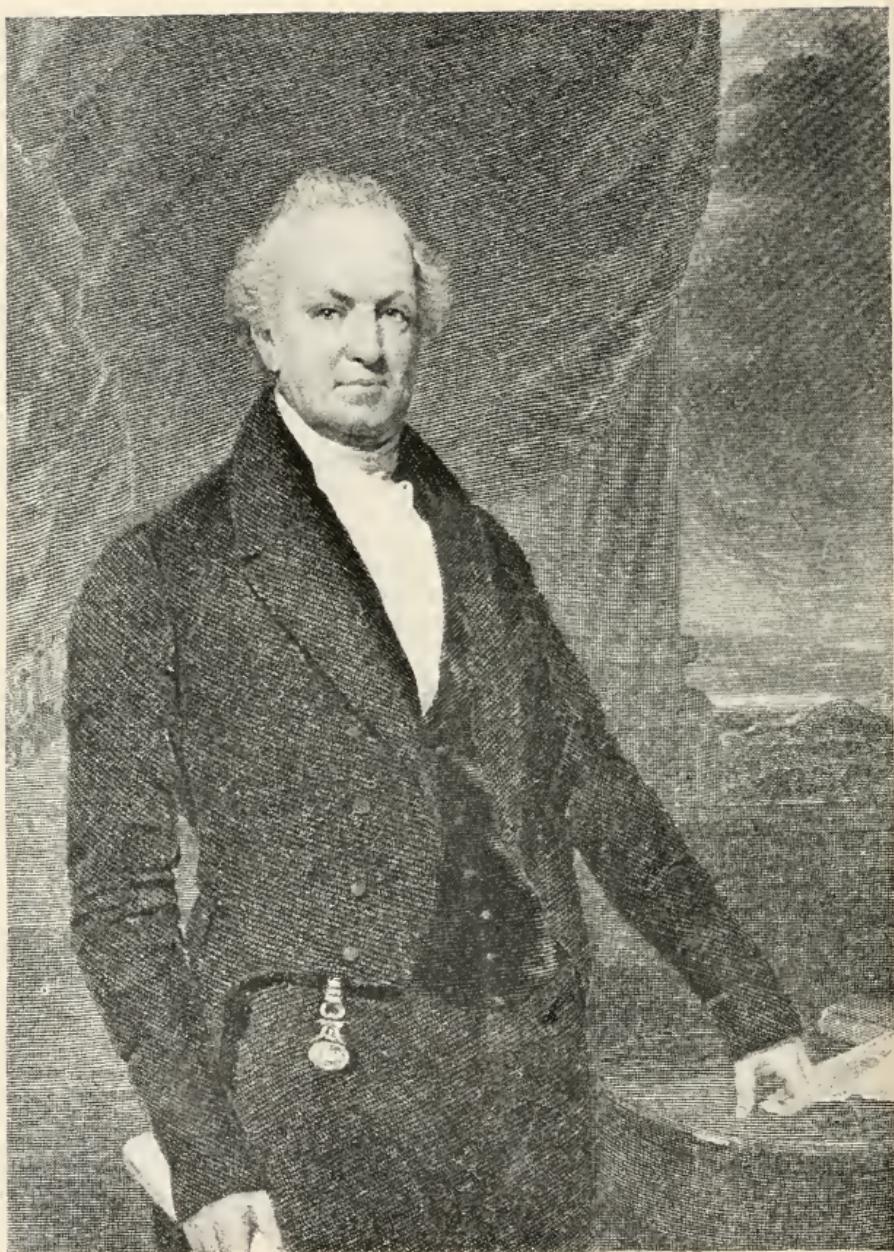
—LYMAN BEECHER: *Letter to William Beecher.*

Mrs. Stowe, in her *Life and Letters*, does not speak of this service, but she does speak of the time “that I first believed myself to be a Christian.” It was at an earlier communion service in the summer of the same year.

In *Poganuc People*, she tells the story most beautifully :

“When she saw the white, simple table, and the shining cups and snowy bread of the Communion, she only thought that the service could have nothing for her,—it would be all for those grown-up, initiated Christians. Nevertheless, when her father began to speak, she was drawn to him by a sort of pathetic earnestness in his voice. . . .

“Dolly sat absorbed, her large blue eyes gathering tears as she listened, and when the Doctor said, ‘Come, then, and trust your soul



FREDERICK WOLCOTT

to this faithful Friend,' Dolly's little heart throbbed, 'I will.' And she did. For a moment she was discouraged by the thought that she had not had any conviction of sin ; but, like a flash came the thought, Jesus could give her that as well as anything else, and that she could trust Him for the whole. And so her little earnest child-soul went out to the wonderful Friend. She sat through the sacramental service that followed, with swelling heart and tearful eyes, and walked home filled with a new joy. She went up to her father's study and fell into his arms, saying, 'Father, I have given myself to Jesus, and He has taken me.'

"The Doctor held her silently to his heart a moment, and his tears dropped on her head.

"'Is it so?' he said. 'Then has a new flower blossomed in the Kingdom this day.'"

November 2.

1767.—Frederick Wolcott, born. He was a lifelong resident of the town, and more closely identified with its interests than his father or brother, whose time was so largely given to state and national affairs.

Judge Church gives, in his *Centennial Address*, the following expression of local sentiment : "I never pass by the venerable mansion of the Wolcott family in my daily walks about this village, without recalling the stately form and

ever honorable deportment of Frederick Wolcott."

1768.—John Jacob, an Indian, was executed. Rev. Timothy Pitkin of Farmington came over to Litchfield, at the request of the criminal, to preach the execution sermon. His text was Numbers xxv: 16,—“And if he smite him with an instrument of iron, so that he die, he is a murderer: the murderer shall surely be put to death.”

November 3.

In Dwight C. Kilbourn's library (a veritable section of paradise to the bookworm) is a copy of the sermon just alluded to. It is the quaintest specimen in the realm of homiletics that I have ever seen. As I remember its outline, it is as follows: 1st and chiefly, Capital Punishment a Divine Ordinance; 2d, A Message of Warning to the Audience; 3d, Consolation to the Condemned Criminal.

The execution sermon has not been unknown in Connecticut even in this century. David Dudley Field, in speaking of his boyhood memories, said in an address given a few years ago: “A sermon was preached to a crowded house, and the prisoner was then taken, dressed in a shroud, to a hill near by, and in the presence of thousands of spectators was executed.”

November 4.

1768.—Mary Buel died. This is the inscription upon her tombstone in the West burying-ground: “Here lies the body of Mrs. Mary, wife of Dea. John Buell,* Esq. She died Nov. 4, 1768, aged 90—having had 13 children, 101 grandchildren, 247 great-grandchildren, and 49 great-great-grandchildren; total, 410. Three hundred and thirty-six survived her.”

November 5.

1745.—The first Episcopal society of Litchfield is organized at the house of Captain Jacob Griswold.

It was about this time that Mary Davies came here, homesick with memories of Herefordshire. What a rough and shaggy look this Western country must have worn to her eyes, and what a topsy-turvy state of society existed when dissenting meeting-houses were established by law, and when there were scarce enough Church of England people in the colony to found a church! Writing from under the shadow of Mount Tom, Mrs. Davies informed her friends in England that she was

*The local historians spell the name with one “1”; on the tombstone it is spelled with two. The descendants of Deacon John and Mary, his wife, follow the method of Shakespeare, and spell the name, now one way, and now another.

“entirely alone, having no society, and having nothing to associate with but Presbyterians and wolves.”

1799.—The Rev. Truman Marsh became rector of St. Michael’s church. His term of service—thirty years—is the longest in the history of the parish.

1878.—Charles B. Andrews received a plurality of the votes cast in the election for Governor, and was subsequently elected to that office by the Legislature.

He came to Litchfield as a young lawyer in 1863, having been called here from Kent by John H. Hubbard, about the time the latter was elected to Congress. The career of Judge Andrews is a striking illustration of the fact that even in a state where wealth and social prestige count for much, native ability and energy will not be without recognition. Judge Andrews is the only citizen in the history of Connecticut who has held the two highest offices in the gift of the State.

1879.—Little Pond is frozen over. A few days later the thermometer rose to 80° and remained at that point for several days.—*Leonard Stone’s Diary*.

November 6.

Parson Marsh, as he was called, lived for many years in the house now owned by C. M.



CHARLES B. ANDREWS.

Ganung. There he kept school; one day, after ordering the boys to pile up some wood for the schoolroom fire, he was surprised to find that they had barricaded the door so that he could not get out.

He had a great dread of fire, and had a pane of glass inserted in the panel of his bedroom door so that he could look now and then, at night, and watch the fire in the sitting-room.

November 7.

Frederick Wolcott might have been Governor of the State, had he so desired. He twice declined the nomination on the ground that his health was not firm. In both instances, the candidate who took his place was successful.

Aside from Judge Reeve, no man who has lived here has called forth heartier tributes of affection and respect than Frederick Wolcott. Jonathan Brace has said of him: "If there was a man in this village whom the aged respected, and to whom the young looked up with reverence, that man was Frederick Wolcott."

November 8.

Soon after the second Oliver Wolcott had retired from the governorship, he became involved in a lawsuit, growing out of his business interests in Wolcottville. The case came to

trial here, Judge Daggett presiding. The judge was an ardent Federalist, and, as Litchfield was a famous stronghold of Federalism, the jury was largely opposed, politically, to Wolcott.

It was at this trial that Judge Gould made his last appearance as counsel. He conducted the case against Wolcott, and carried the jury with him. Judge Seymour, then a young man, attended the trial, and felt that Judge Daggett's conduct of the case was partisan. On reviewing the matter, however, in later years, he not only modified, but reversed his opinion.

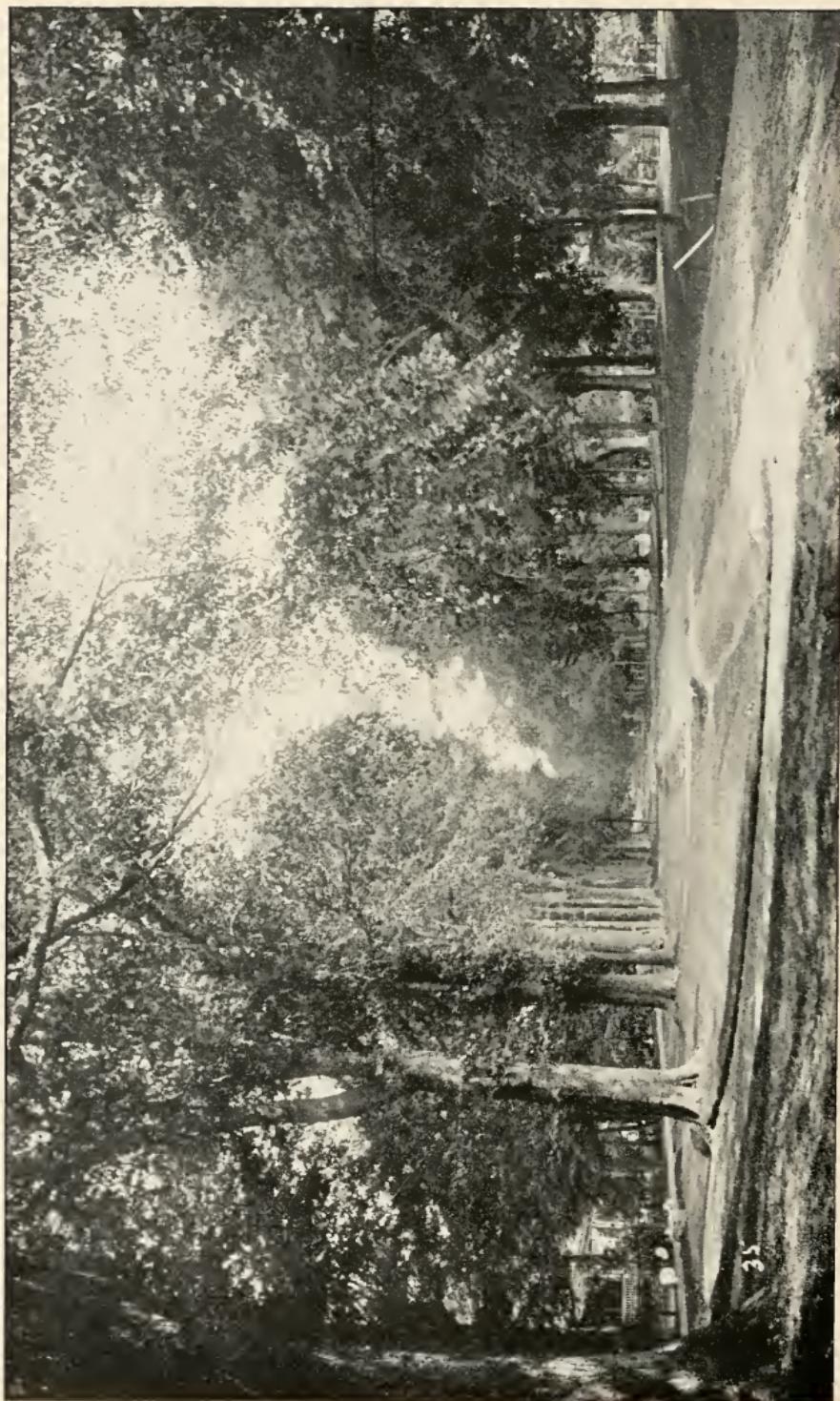
November 9.

There have been some remarkable instances of tenure of office in Litchfield. From 1751 to 1836, there were but two county clerks: Isaac Baldwin, serving forty-two years; Frederick Wolcott, forty-three years. With these men, we must put the first Ebenezer Marsh, who was elected to the Legislature in the spring of 1741, and was re-elected semi-annually, with scarcely a break, until 1771.

The house he built in 1759 is the second oldest in the town, and is the well-known landmark on the southeast corner of South and East streets.

November 10.

Since 1793 Litchfield has been represented in Washington by its own citizens for sixty-six



23

years; in the Senate, by Uriah Tracy for eleven years, and Truman Smith for five years; in the House, for fifty years; Benjamin Tallmadge serving the longest term, sixteen years.

November 11.

Is there any other street in the country that, in less than half a mile of its length, can equal South street in the number of its public men? Here have lived three governors and five chief-justices of Connecticut, two judges of the federal courts, two United States senators, six members of Congress. Add to this number the founder of the first law school in America, the compiler of the first law reports in the United States, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

November 12.

1820.—A terrible storm of snow; it is ten inches deep,—and not a little remarkable for the earliness of the season.—*George Y. Cutler's Journal.*

November 13.

Roxana Beecher, in a letter of November, 1814, says:

“I write sitting upon my feet, with my paper upon the seat of a chair, while Henry is hanging round my neck, and Harriet is begging me to please make her a baby.”

November 14.

1747.—Elijah Wadsworth was born in Hartford. He came to Litchfield before the Revolution and was a citizen here until 1802. He was a captain in Sheldon's regiment of Dragoons. In 1802 he became one of the pioneers of the Western Reserve, and, as brigadier-general, co-operated with General Harrison in the defense of the Northwest in the War of 1812.

1797.—The second Episcopal society of Litchfield was organized. This is now known as St. Paul's church, Bantam.

The rector of this church is the Rev. Hiram Stone, senior pastor of the town, having served this parish for nearly twenty-five years. His later ministry has been in the town where his boyhood was passed; his earlier ministry was in Kansas in the heroic days before the war. He founded the first Protestant Episcopal church in the territory, and was army chaplain for sixteen years.

November 15.

1859.—A prisoner in the Charlestown (Virginia) jail, writes a letter to his old teacher, the Rev. H. L. Vaill of Litchfield:

“Your assurance of the earnest sympathy of friends in my native land is very grateful to my feelings. . . .

“I send through you my best wishes to Mrs.

[Morris] Woodruff and her son, George. May the God of the poor and the oppressed be the God and Saviour of you all.

“ Farewell, till we meet again.

“ Your friend in truth,

“ JOHN BROWN.”*

Connecticut has sent out many a school-master to the other thirty States, but never before so grand a teacher as that Litchfield-born schoolmaster at Harper's Ferry, writing, as it were, upon the Natural Bridge, in the face of nations, his simple copy, “Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.”—WENDELL PHILLIPS: *Oration—Harper's Ferry.*

John Brown's birthplace is in this county, but not in this town. The old farmhouse where he first saw the light is in Torrington. Those bent on an historical pilgrimage will find some of the hardest hill-climbing that this region affords, and, at the goal of their journey, a dilapidated house now tenanted by a colored family.

November 16.

1776.—The surrender of Fort Washington. Captain Beebe and his thirty-six Litchfield men were among the prisoners. Only six of his company survived the horrors of imprisonment.

* This letter is given at length in *Sanborn's Life of John Brown.*

November 17.

1817.—Harriet Porter, Lyman Beecher's second wife, writes her first Litchfield letter to her sister: “Harriet and Henry are very desirous for me to send their love. Harriet just said to me, ‘Because you have come and married my pa, when I am big enough I mean to go and marry your pa.’ ”

November 18.

In her *Life and Letters*, Mrs. Stowe describes the home-coming of her father and step-mother as follows: “As father came into the room, our new mother followed him. She was very fair, with light-blue eyes and soft, auburn hair bound round with a black velvet bandeau, and to us she seemed very beautiful.

“Never did step-mother make a prettier or sweeter impression. The morning following her arrival, we looked at her with awe. She seemed to us so fair, so delicate, so elegant, that we were almost afraid to go near her.”

November 19.

1816.—George Thompson, born. He was a lifelong resident of the village, and though in private life, exerted no inconsiderable influence both upon the town and upon the Methodist Episcopal church, of which he was a leading

member. As a citizen, he was deeply concerned in all that pertained to the welfare of the town ; as a Methodist, it is safe to say that few of his pastors were more thoroughly acquainted with American Methodism, or were more deeply in sympathy with its aims and achievements.

November 20.

It was a warm November Sabbath, in 1816, when everyone, on entering the meeting-house, saw that the much-debated stove had actually been set up in the middle aisle. "Good old Deacon Trowbridge shook his head as he felt the heat reflected from it, and gathered up the skirts of his great-coat as he passed up the broad aisle to the Deacons' Seat. Old Uncle Noah Stone, a wealthy farmer of the West End, who sat near, scowled and muttered at the effects of the heat, but waited until noon to utter his maledictions over his nut-cakes and cheese at the intermission. There had, in fact, been no fire in the stove, the day being too warm. We were too much upon the broad grin to be very devotional, and smiled rather loudly at the funny things we saw. But when the editor of the village paper, Mr. Bunce, came in (who was a believer of stoves in churches), and, with a most satisfactory air, warmed his hands by the stove, keeping the skirts of his great-coat

carefully between his knees, we could stand it no longer, but dropped invisible behind the breastwork. But the climax of the whole was when Mrs. Peck went out in the midst of the service! It was, however, the means of reconciling the whole society; for, after that first day, we heard no more opposition to the warm stove in the meeting-house."—JOHN P. BRACE: *Kilbourne's History*.

November 21.

1817.—Harriet is a very good girl. She has been to school all this summer, and has learned to read very fluently. She has committed to memory twenty-seven hymns and two long chapters of the Bible. She has a remarkably retentive memory, and will make a good scholar. She says she has got a new mother and loves her very much, and means to be a very good child.—*Letter of Catherine Beecher.*

November 22.

Harriet Beecher was not yet twelve years old when, under the stimulating teaching of Mr. John P. Brace, she prepared for the public her first literary effort, an essay under this formidable title: "Can the Immortality of the soul be proved in the Light of Nature?"

"I remember," says Mrs. Stowe, in her biography, "the scene at that exhibition. . . . The hall was crowded with the *literati* of Litch-

field. Before them all our compositions were read aloud. I noticed that father who was sitting on high by Mr. Brace, brightened and looked interested, and at the close I heard him say, 'Who wrote that composition?' 'Your daughter, sir,' was the answer. It was the proudest moment of my life."

November 23.

1786.—Oliver Wolcott draws up a legal document, emancipating "my negro servant man, Cæsar."

As late as 1800, there were seven slaves in Litchfield, but we are glad to learn from Kilbourne in 1859, that "the 'institution' is now extinct among us, though some who were born slaves are still living here."

In this connection it is interesting to note that Harriet Beecher Stowe's first abhorrence of slavery dates not from Cincinnati, but from Litchfield. Her aunt, Mrs. Mary Hubbard, who made her home in the Beecher household, and who lies buried in the East cemetery, had lived for a time in the West Indies. Mrs. Stowe says of her: "What she saw and heard of slavery filled her with constant horror and loathing. She has said that she has often sat by her window in the tropical night, when all was still, and wished the island might sink in the ocean with all its sin and misery, and that she might sink with it."

November 24.

In the annals of human oratory, no instance of triumphant mastery of a hostile audience can eclipse Henry Ward Beecher's address before the vast throng at Liverpool. He went to that meeting uncertain whether he would come forth alive. There he plead for the slave and for the cause of the North in the crisis of the Civil War. It makes one proud of American citizenship to read that masterly speech.

Here is his reference to a Litchfield colored man copied in his biography from a Liverpool paper of the day :

“When I was twelve years old my father hired Charles Smith, a man as black as lamp-black, to work on his farm. I slept with him in the same room. [‘Oh, oh’!] Ah! that don’t suit you. [Uproar.] Now, you see, the South comes out. [Loud laughter.] I ate with him at the same table ; I sang with him out of the same hymn book [‘Good’] ; I cried when he prayed over me at night ; and if I had serious impressions of religion early in life, they were due to the fidelity and example of that poor humble farm laborer, black Charles Smith.” [Tremendous uproar and cheers.]

November 25.

There is no living in this world and doing right, if you cannot meet public opinion and

resist it, when arrayed on the side of evil.—
LYMAN BEECHER.

November 26.

1818.—We have had a pleasant Thanksgiving, a good dinner, and, they say, a good sermon. It would have added to our happiness to have had you and William sit down with us. We had presents piled in upon us yesterday at a great rate. Mr. Henry Wadsworth sent 6 lbs. butter, 6 lbs. lard, 2 lbs. hyson tea, 5 doz. eggs, 8 lbs. sugar, a large pig, a large turkey, and four cheeses. The governor sent a turkey;* Mrs. Thompson, do.; and, to cap all, Mr. Rogers sent us a turkey.—
LYMAN BEECHER: *Letter to Edward Beecher.*

November 27.

1864.—The Rev. William Stevens Perry becomes rector of St. Michael's church. He remained here five years. Subsequently, he was rector in Geneva, New York, president of Hobart College, and bishop of the diocese of Iowa.

Dr. Storrs O. Seymour has contributed to the *BOOK OF DAYS* the following interesting sketch :

* It is to be hoped that the turkey was an extra good one, for it was only a few weeks previous that the governor and his party had carried through their programme of Disestablishment.

“Bishop Perry became rector of St. Michael’s church in this village in 1864. At that time he was thirty-two years old, and just entering with great vigor and freshness upon his historical work for which he afterwards became distinguished. He had even then a large collection of valuable pamphlets, and his familiarity with their contents was remarkable. He could lay his hand in a moment upon any one of these, and he knew exactly what information he could gather from it. While in Litchfield, by way of recreation, he did a good deal of very beautiful illuminating work with pen and brush. Bishop Perry was a very ready writer. He was fond of preaching courses of sermons, some of these which were afterwards published were written while he was in Litchfield. A sermon which he preached on Thanksgiving Day, 1866, was afterwards printed under the title, ‘Thankfulness for our Past, our Present, and our Future.’

“In his parochial work Bishop Perry, or Mr. Perry as he then was, was very happy. He and his wife used to visit a good deal, and the little pony and basket wagon were a very familiar sight on our roads. They were very fond of Litchfield, coming here frequently to spend their vacations, and Bishop Perry often spoke of the time when he could build a house here, and have it for a summer home and for his old age. As he was a voluminous writer, a

mere recital of the titles of his books would occupy more space than this little sketch."

1898.—A blinding snow storm raged throughout the day. At times it was impossible to see across the street, the houses on the further side being blotted out as effectively as by a dense fog. This proved the heaviest November snow storm on record.

November 28.

1821.—George Y. Cutler, a law student from Watertown, makes the following entry in his journal :

"On horseback to Litchfield. It was no killing thing—much more would it be to hang—the moon was bright; the snow, full of reflection; I, full of breakfast; Nate, of fire; while the cocks crowed about us for musick, and the stars, one after another, shot this way and that about the heavens, as if making a display of fireworks for our amusement. I found George Gibbs up, though I little expected it when I turned the corner to take a look at his window. I had little thought of seeing a light at that time of night.

"'Well,' said I, 'Tu,' indeed, '*Marcellus eris*'!

"I ran up-stairs, opened the door an inch, and inquired if Mr. Gibbs lived there. Then we laughed ourselves to death and disturbed our neighbors. Mr. Chambers, in the back

room, inquired who the devil had come ; and, being told, said, ‘I thought it was he.’”

November 29.

1821.—My going in the night cost old [Grove] Catlin a vast deal of wonder, and I chose to leave him in that situation. When I turned my face howeward, I felt the inconvenience of three pairs of pantaloons, two of stockings, shirts, and two great-coats.—*George Y. Cutler's Journal.*

November 30.

I recall, from boyhood, a striking proof of the elasticity of black ice. In one of the towns of Northwestern Connecticut, between two lakes, stretches a long reach of level bog-land, which a winter's thaw often covers with water. Years ago, one of these periodical overflows covered the bogs, and a sharp snap of cold weather left a level surface of black ice several inches thick. Then the water receded, leaving the ice hung on the bogs, but bent between them into a series of long depressions like the troughs of Atlantic waves. The sensation of skating over these long billows of ice was peculiarly novel, and for days the lads of the near village indulged in it with irrepressible delight.

—CLARENCE DEMING : *On Black Ice.*



GEORGE C. WOODRUFF.

December 1.

1805.—George C. Woodruff, born.

He served for several terms in the Legislature, and represented this District in the 37th Congress. His *History of Litchfield*, published in 1845, and his *Centennial Address*, July 4, 1876, are of great value.

No such enumeration, however, as we have just made, can convey to the reader any true view of his chief service to his native town. Here he lived for nearly eighty years. Judge Andrews, in speaking of him, has used an old, but apt comparison, “He was a moral town clock ; men set their conduct by him.”

December 2.

The following portrait of George C. Woodruff is sketched by Judge Andrews :

“Erect in figure, and singularly robust ; always of the firmest health ; always at work and never seemingly fatigued ; nothing in nature so typified him as an oak which has withstood every vicissitude of storm for a century of time.”—*Address before the Litchfield Bar.*

December 3.

That all classes of people should implicitly trust Mr. [George C.] Woodruff was natural. That confidence was begotten of an honesty, a faithfulness, a zeal that was unswerving. No better proof of this could exist than at some time he was not only the counsel for every town in Litchfield county, but of many of the towns of adjoining counties.—MORRIS W. SEYMOUR : *Connecticut Law Reports.*

December 4.

Early in life he married a sister* of the late Chief-Justice Seymour, and Judge Seymour married the only sister of Mr. Woodruff. Side by side these gentlemen lived and practiced their profession, sometimes as associates, and again as opponents; so zealously each contending for the rights of his client, that jealousy itself never harbored a suspicion that all honorable means were not used to succeed. These conflicts were often close and exciting, and yet their friendship was never broken; rather was their esteem increased as their days lengthened.—MORRIS W. SEYMOUR : *Connecticut Law Reports.*

December 5.

Soon after her arrival in Litchfield in 1817, Mrs. Harriet Porter Beecher summed up her

* "She was the sunshine of Litchfield."



THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

impressions of the village as follows: "The beauty of the place is the wide streets, thickly planted on either hand with fine trees. It surpasses in pleasantness anything I have seen except Boston Mall. The houses are white and neat, and there is no appearance of poverty. I think it must be one of the most beautiful summer towns in the world."

December 6.

A town-meeting in December, 1772, passed a vote for "coloring the meeting-house and putting up electrical rods."

December 7.

Some time in December, 1753, liberty was voted to Isaac Hosford and others to erect a Sabbath Day House.

December 8.

1885.—The Methodist Episcopal church is dedicated by Bishop Harris of New York.

December 9.

A new parsonage had just been paid for, when, under the enthusiastic leadership of the Rev. Robert Wasson, it was voted to build a new church. The liberal gifts of the church

members were supplemented very substantially by Mr. Henry H. Benedict of New Haven, and by a number in this village of other communions, notably by Mr. Frederick Deming and his sisters, the Misses Deming. The bell is the gift of Mr. Starr.

The pastors who have served this church for three years or longer since Mr. Wasson's time, are the following: Benjamin F. Kidder, Galen C. Spencer, George C. Boswell.

December 10.

During the building of the Methodist Episcopal church, I called, in company with Dr. W. W. Bowdish, upon Henry Ward Beecher. We were met by Mrs. Beecher, who received us in a most agreeable manner. After some conversation, she said that Henry, a day or two ago, on going upstairs, had remarked that he believed he was growing old. In replying to this, she said: "I told him, 'Henry, you must never grow old. You shall remain young so long as you and I are together.' "

Just as this sentence was uttered, Mr. Beecher made his appearance in the room, and gave Mr. Bowdish and myself a most cordial greeting. For a few minutes a very animated conversation was carried on, and, as I had been introduced as coming from old Litchfield, naturally the conversation was turned in that direc-

tion. Mr. Beecher at once referred to his father's ministry there and to his own boyhood, and said: "When I was about twelve years old, my father and I were walking out together, and as we went down West street, my father said, 'Henry, you see there is no Baptist church in Litchfield. They tried hard to get a footing here, but whenever they would make an appointment to hold a meeting, I found it out and I would just appoint a meeting in the neighborhood at the same time, and I whipped them every time; but, Henry, these Methodists are different; when they put their foot down, they stay!'"

How greatly Mr. Beecher enjoyed telling this, was strongly marked on every lineament of his face.

The moment had now come for me to tell Mr. Beecher the object of my call. "Mr. Beecher, I have undertaken to build a Methodist Episcopal church in Litchfield on West street. I would be greatly pleased to have your endorsement, and if you could help me financially, I would feel greatly indebted to you."

Without a moment's hesitation, he said, in a most characteristic manner, "God forbid that a Methodist church should be built in Litchfield, and I not have a shingle on it!"

Looking towards Mrs. Beecher, he said, "Mother, bring me my check-book. The latter was cheerfully produced, and the shingle pro-

vided for.—ROBERT WASSON : *Narrative written for the Book of Days.*

December 11.

There are times when even from the best of human lives is heard the cry, “Depart from me, O Lord ! for I am a sinful man.”

From St. Peter to Wordsworth comes the cry of failure on the part of the noblest, and the prayer,

“ The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive.”

Lyman Beecher, in his address on Judge Reeve said :

“ In his last conversation with me, after assenting to my suggestion that the blood of Christ cleaneth from all sin, he said, ‘Yes, it does; it is sufficient; but if there could be a case in which the sins of one who had obtained mercy should exceed the provisions of the Atonement’—he faltered with deep emotion, and when he could speak, he added,—‘I should expect that I am the man that had thus sinned.’ ”

December 12.

The loftiest flights of prayer are when the soul

Moves heavenward, unconscious when it
prays ;

And they whose brows shine with the aureole,
Have not seen, nor shall ever see its rays.

— EDWARD T. McLAUGHLIN.

December 13.

1823.—Tapping Reeve died.

O Judge Reeve, what a man he was! When I get to heaven and meet him there, what a shaking of hands there will be.—LYMAN BEECHER.

December 14.

1814.—Gideon H. Hollister was born in Washington.

He came to Litchfield in early manhood, and is remembered here as a lawyer of marked ability. Throughout Connecticut, however, his fame rests chiefly on his literary work. His *History of Connecticut* we have already alluded to. He had hoped to complete it by adding a third volume, bringing the narrative down to the close of the Civil War.

The acting copyright of his *Thomas à Becket* was held by Edwin Booth, who took the rôle of the Cardinal a number of times. Of his poems, one, written during the Civil War, entitled "Andersonville," had a widespread popularity. Mrs. Hollister informs me that a woman in Pennsylvania, whose husband had perished under much the same circumstances as the poem depicts, wrote to Mr. Hollister, inquiring how he knew about the incident of the soldier's having the photograph of his wife and children, and how he knew that the wife's name was Mary.

“Kinley Hollow,” a story of Litchfield county, was published after the author’s death. Prof. Hoppin, in reviewing the book, has said: “There are wonderful fitting resemblances to places in that triangle of picturesque country between Litchfield, New Preston, and Washington . . . but somehow . . . the sprite, Ariel, has cast a spell over it, and mixed all into a fairy picture that defies identification.”

December 15.

Prof. J. M. Hoppin, in a letter to Mrs. Hollister, wrote of Gideon H. Hollister:

“He loved Litchfield and every rod of Connecticut soil; he loved his country’s great men; but he loved, more than all, the great souls, the poets that have spoken, through all time, to all hearts, and helped them to think, and hope, and suffer.”

December 16.

1851.—The present St. Michael’s church is consecrated by Bishop Brownell. This is the third house of worship in the history of the parish. Since Bishop Perry’s time, 1864-69, Prof. C. S. Henry, Rev. G. M. Wilkins, and Rev. L. P. Bissell have been rectors of the church. Dr. Storrs O. Seymour, the present rector, is serving for a second term the parish with which the Seymour family has been identified for more than a hundred years.



ST. MICHAEL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Our illustration shows the church as it was before it lost its spire in a storm some years ago. When Bishop Williams heard of this disaster, he exclaimed, "Spires for the valleys, but towers for the hills!"

December 17.

That is a pleasant picture that comes down to us from the 18th century, of John Davies, Jr., who did so much in the early days towards establishing the Episcopal church in this town. In 1794 he gave the ground and largely paid for the building of St. John's church,—since moved to Washington Green. "Aged and infirm, he sat in the door of his house, and witnessed the raising of the building."

History repeats itself, and John Davies, Jr., inevitably suggests his modern counterpart, the man to whom this book is dedicated. Owing to an accident, by which he has been confined to his house these many years, he has never been in the new Methodist church. Yet no one knows the edifice so thoroughly as he. Seated in his invalid's chair in his Meadow street home, he watched the plans to every last detail. Leonard Stone has built himself into the church.

December 18.

1820.—A party at Mrs. Oliver Goodwin's. Was happy to find the Misses Wolcott there,

for I did not know who I was to meet; they were the gems of the circle.

Flora Catlin was sociable; Miss Lewis, animated. Susan Leavitt (of Bethlehem) showed some spirit, which became her. Mrs. Gould was civil to me for having taken a relative of hers into my gig one day, and transporting her a mile or so.—*George Y. Cutler's Journal.*

Under another date is the following entry:

“A charming visit at Mary Ann Wolcott's. How beautiful! It was uppermost in the abundance of my heart, and I could not help telling her my opinion. She is one the finest-looking women I ever knew.”

December 19.

Some time in December, 1753, Captain Stoddard and Supply Strong were appointed a committee to “measure from the crotch of the Shepaug River to the northwest corner of the town, with Mr. Roger Sherman, County Surveyor.”

December 20.

The *Wolcott Memorial* volume contains this interesting glimpse of Revolutionary hardship and of the patriotic spirit with which it was met. The following words, though applied to Oliver Wolcott and his family, are equally illustrative of the prevailing patriotism of the town and county:

During the winter of 1779-80 famine added its terrors to excessive cold. The deep snows in the mountain region of the State, and the explosion of the paper system, rendered it almost impossible to procure the necessaries of life. . . . The resources of so zealous an advocate of the war were not withheld. Every dollar that could be spared from the maintenance of the family was expended in raising and supplying men; every blanket, not in actual use, was sent to the army, and the sheets were torn into bandages or cut into lint by the hands of his wife and daughter."

December 21.

1784.—The *Weekly Monitor and American Advertiser* made its appearance. This first of Litchfield newspapers was printed on coarse, blue paper. There were only three Litchfield advertisements. Wm. Russell, Stocking Weaver, [from Norwich, England] announced that he was ready to make worsted, cotton and linen Jacket and Breeches Patterns, men's and women's Stockings, Gloves, and Mitts. Zalmon Bedient, Barber, offers cash for human Hair; Cornelius Thayer, Brazier, also calls attention to his business.—*Kilbourne's History*.

December 22.

Some of the boys had great gifts at mischief, and some of mirthfulness, and some had both

together. The consequence was, that just when we were most afraid to laugh, we saw the most comical things to laugh at. Temptations which we could have vanquished with a smile out in the free air, were irresistible in our little corner, where a laugh and a stinging slap were very apt to woo each other. So we would hold on and fill up; and others would hold on and fill up, too; till by and by, the weakest would let go a mere whiffet of a laugh, and then down went all the precautions, and one went off, and another and another, touching off the others like a pack of fire-crackers.—HENRY WARD BEECHER: *School Memories*.

December 23.

1731.—“Voted to build a schoolhouse in ye center of ye town on ye Meeting House Green.”

Horace Bushnell’s description of the schoolhouse he knew would be just as true as if applied to the school of 1731:

“There were no complaints in those days of the want of ventilation; for the large, open fireplace held a considerable fraction of a cord of wood, and the windows took in just enough air to supply the combustion. Besides, the bigger lads were occasionally ventilated by being sent out to cut wood enough to keep the fire in action. The seats were made from the outer slabs of the sawmill, supported by slant legs driven into and at a proper distance through

auger holes, and planed smooth on the top by the rather tardy process of friction."—*The Age of Homespun*.

The present attractive and commodious schoolhouse dates from 1888. Robert L. Zink is the principal.

December 24.

In his *Age of Homespun*, Horace Bushnell, speaking in West Park at the Litchfield County Centennial, paid the following tribute to the District School-Teacher: "Oh, I remember (about the remotest thing I can remember) that low seat, too high, nevertheless, to allow the feet to touch the floor, and that friendly teacher who had the address to start the first feeling of enthusiasm and to awaken the first sense of power. He is living still, and whenever I think of him, he rises up to me in the far background of memory, as bright as if he had worn the seven stars in his hair (I said he was living; yes, he is here to-day, God bless him.)"

December 25.

BALTIMORE TOWN, 25th Dec., 1776.

My Dear:

You excuse yourself from writing to me on account of the difficulty and uncertainty of Conveyance. The Delivery of Letters is a

matter of some uncertainty, but if they should fall into the Hands of the Foe, such as come from you and my Friends, I am sure I shall never be ashamed of, and as for mine they will find more trouble in reading them than Entertainment.—OLIVER WOLCOTT: *Letter to Mrs. Wolcott.*

December 26.

1722.—At a town-meeting it was voted that the “town stock of Powder and lead should be procured by a rate raised upon the Rights.”

December 27.

In the journal of Dotha Stone, subsequently Mrs. Cutler, a sister of Mrs. Dr. Sheldon, is the following entry in the year 1784:

“A number of us went to Mrs. Buel’s to supper some winters ago, among whom was Patty Hopkins, my brother, and myself. As we sat at supper, it fell to Mr. Sam Sheldon to carve. He took up a rib which was taken out of the pork, and very unpolitely, though very innocently, said that was such a thing as woman was made of. ‘Yea,’ said Patty Hopkins, ‘it was taken out of much such a creature!’

December 28.

Here is Mr. Barker’s prediction, uttered one cold morning in the Litchfield jail, and re-

corded for us by Gideon H. Hollister in *Kinley Hollow*:

“Ugh! what a blast. In another hundred years—mark my words, Frank—in one hundred years from this date the only inhabitants on this hill will be white bears and Esquimaux.”

Henry Ward Beecher's reminiscences of Litchfield winters is taken from the Beecher and Scoville biography:

“You may think you know something about winter, but if you never spent a winter on old Litchfield Hill where I was brought up, you do not know much about it. . . . What a pother is made to ascertain the exact position of the North Pole, the very center and navel of cold! Why, I could have pointed to the exact spot sixty years ago. It was on the northwest angle of my father's house. . . .

“The noise of winter winds to our young ears was as terrible as the thunder of waves or as the noise of battle. All night long the cold, shelterless trees moaned. Their strong crying penetrated our sleep and shaped our dreams. The house creaked and strained, and at some more furious gust shuddered and trembled all over. Then the windows rattled, the cracks and crevices whistled each its own distinctive note, and the chimneys, like diapasons of an organ, had their deep and hollow rumble.”

December 29.

1776.—Gershom Gibbs, the first white male child born in Litchfield, died on board a British prison-ship.

December 30.

1760.—The town votes to build a new meeting-house on the Green.

All the older houses of worship have long since disappeared, yet there are some venerable houses of prayer still left, and to pass them by is to receive a benediction. The Wolcott House is the mute but eloquent symbol of its builders' trust in God in the dark hours of the Revolution; while across the street is the residence of Tapping Reeve. The world recalls him as the founder of the first law school in America; but Litchfield remembers him for his loftiness of character, for his length of service here,—more than fifty active years fruitful of human good, for his devotion to God. He is living still in this town for all who have eyes to see and ears to hear. It is said of him, by Lyman Beecher, that "he abounded in seasons of prayer as a part of the work and labor of his life. He gave himself to prayer. He prayed habitually for the influence of the Holy Spirit on the town to revive religion."

As we look upon these venerable houses and think of what gives them their highest glory

they commune with us and we with them; they talk familiarly to us of bygone days, but there is no sadness in their tone. Out of their experience of a century and more, they speak to us a message for to-day and for the years to come. Their voice has the calm assurance of tears wiped away, of conflicts endured, of triumphs achieved. They speak to us in the same deep tone in which a Christian prophet of our own times has spoken :

“ Grow old along with me !
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, ‘ A whole I planned.
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor
be afraid! ’ ”

December 31.

How little of the history of the heart can ever be written, and if it were, could ever be reached by language; and if it could, the world itself could not contain the books which should be written, and one generation would have no more than time to read the history of another.
— LYMAN BEECHER.

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JANUARY.

FEBRUARY.

MARCH.

APRIL.

MAY.

JUNE.

JULY.

AUGUST.

SEPTEMBER.

OCTOBER.

NOVEMBER.

DECEMBER.

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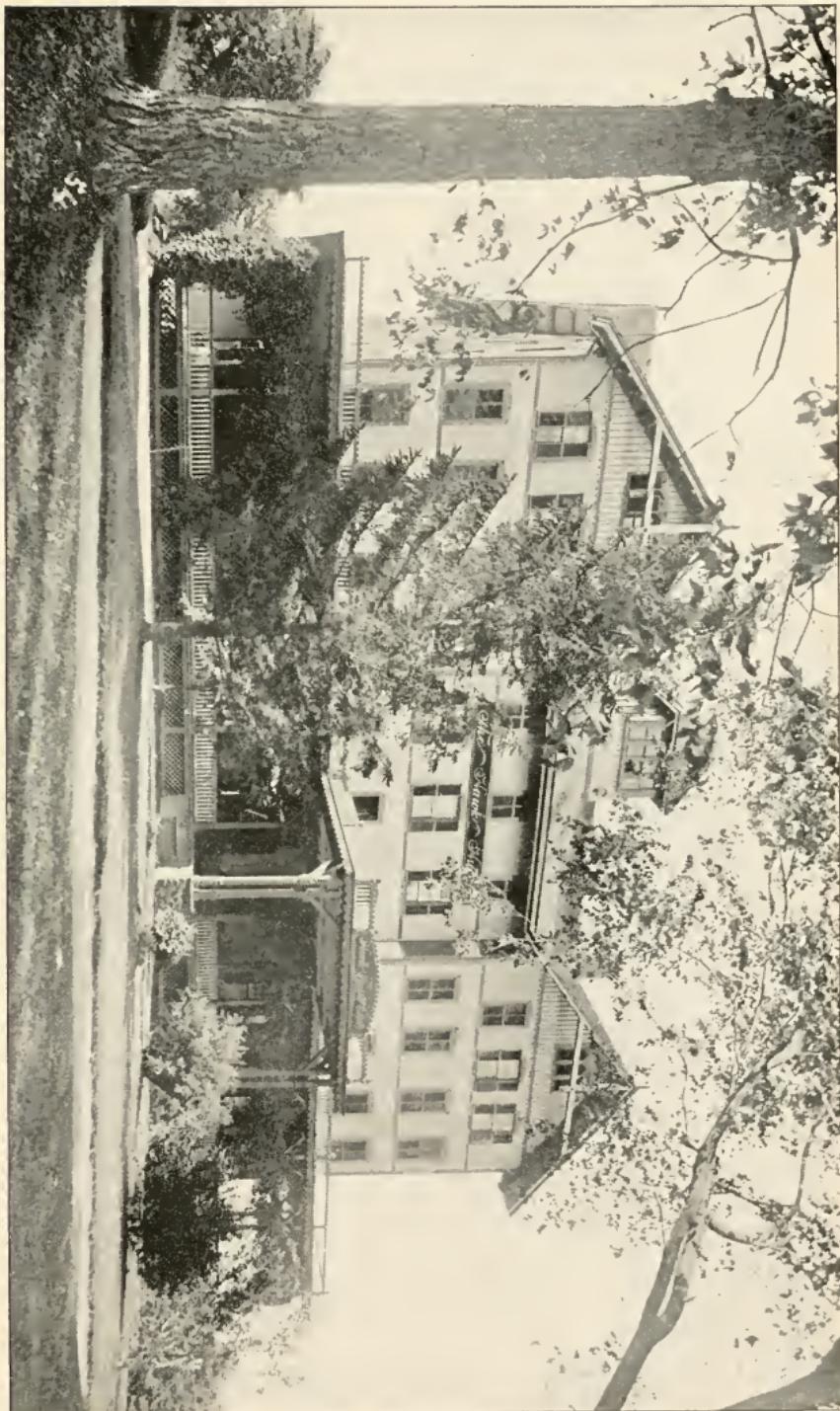
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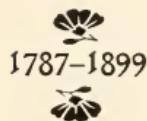


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